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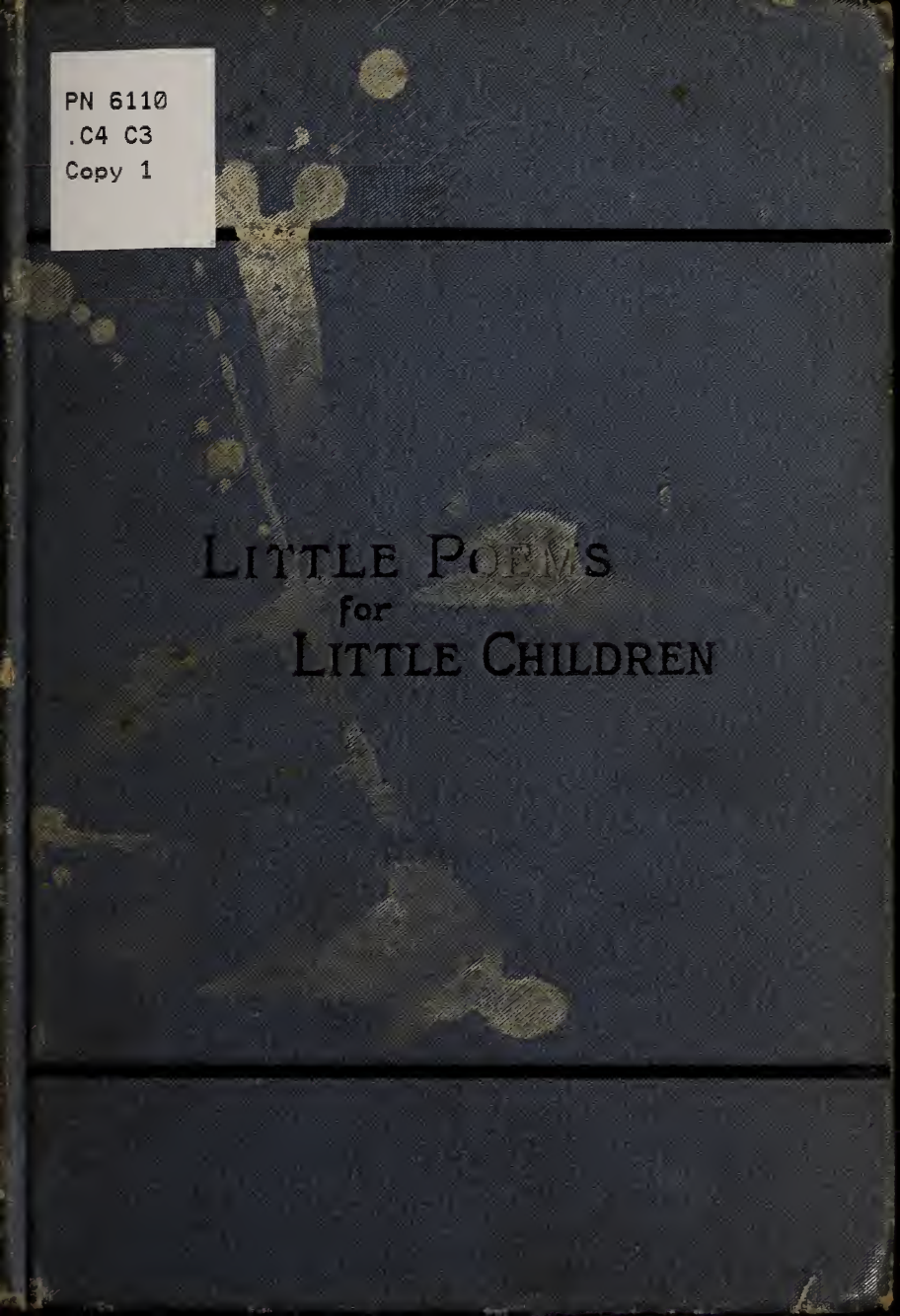

LITTLE POEMS
for
LITTLE CHILDREN

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LITTLE POEMS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN

SUITABLE FOR MEMORIZING AND FOR RECITATION AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME

COMPILED BY

VALERIA J. CAMPBELL

33

CHICAGO

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE compiler of this book thinks that time taken to teach these maxims, proverbs, and selections is time well and profitably spent, beneficial in many ways.

We all know that youth is the golden period for memorizing. "What we learn in youth grows up with us, and in time becomes a part of us." Hence the necessity for choice things with which to store the mind; by so doing we hope to verify the saying, "Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, and bad ones will find no room. The cup that is full will hold no more."

When the pupils advance to the grades where language work is required of them, they will have correctly formed sentences on the tip of the tongue, ready to drop off.

Facts learned in rhyme, if thoroughly learned, are seldom forgotten. How many of us have had occasion to repeat the rhyme, "Thirty days hath September," etc., to call to mind the number of days of some month, which had wandered off.

These exercises will be found very helpful on rhetorical days. Every child who has not been taught a selection at home will go forward and recite one

that he learned in school. It is well to have some of the selections in the form of a dialogue, such as, — "The Swallow," "Squirrel," "Conundrums," etc., the school and one pupil taking part. They enjoy this very much.

Lay much stress on pronunciation, enunciation, and expression.

The compiler sincerely hopes that these selections will meet with as much favor from the public as they have met with her.

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Little Poems for Little Children.

LITTLE THINGS.

WHEN God doth make a lovely thing,
The finest and completest,
He makes it little, don't you know?
For little things are sweetest.

Little birds, and little flowers,
Little diamonds, little pearls, —
But the sweetest things on earth
Are the little boys and girls.

Little raindrops fill the fountains,
Little birds sing in the trees,
Little sand-grains make the mountains,
Little hives are filled with bees.

All the little things are useful,
And the children must be too,
There is always work made ready
For the little hands to do.

BABY AND CLOUD.

WHAT are you doing, white little cloud,
Up in the heavens, sailing so proud?

Helping my brothers, here in the blue,
Hide the hot sunshine, Baby, from you.

Where are you going, flying so slow?
White cloud so lazy, I 'd like to know.

Gathering raindrops out of the air,
For the poor flowers dying down there.

When will you scatter some of the showers
You have been saving, down to the flowers?

Where the Lord sends me, always I roam,
When the Lord bids me, Baby, I 'll come.

BABY-LAND.

HOW many miles to Baby-Land?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right, —
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?
Dream and work and play;
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Baby-Land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

George Cooper.

GRATITUDE is the memory of the heart.

BEAUTY itself is but the sensible image of the Infinite.

George Bancroft.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

George McDonald.

DIMPLES.

"DON'T look in the glass so much, child; 'tis sin
Admiring your dimples in cheeks and chin.
They 're pretty enough just now, no doubt,
But will turn to wrinkles, as you 'll find out."

"But, grandma," said she, with a look demure,
"'T is n't wrong to enjoy them now, I 'm sure;
When you were a girl, to make you glad,
How many deep dimples you must have had!"

A WELL spent day prepares us for sweet repose.

LOOK for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

Alice Carey.

BE not simply good; be good for something.

Thoreau.

BABY'S BATH.

WHAT is baby laughing at, clapping tiny hands so fat?
Kiss and tell me, my precious boy,
What is giving you so much joy?
Oh, you rogue! it is plain to see why
Just now you 're in such glee.

There is the water sparkling bright, waiting for little limbs so white.
Under the water up to his chin,
While he is laughing, dip him in.
In from his chin to his toes!
There! into the water he goes!

With a splash and a dash, and a spatter and a clatter,
Yes, under the water he goes,
From his head to his toes;
And while he is going,
What shouting and crowing!

Now bright eyes grow brighter, and white skin grows whiter.
Thanks to the bath, there never was seen
A baby so rosy, so sweet, and so clean.
Splash him, and dash him about;
Float him, and tote him about.

Stir him, and whir him about; let him crow, let him shout;
Such a sweet water-sprite
Sure never was known
As this dear little wight,
This wight all our own.

As sweet as a rosebud is he; as fair as a lily is he;
Now put him on mother's own knee.
Rub him and scrub him all dry,
Kiss him and toss him on high.

What! is he sleepy so soon? dream-land lies off in the moon.
Would he go there awhile,
Where the dream children smile?
Come, then, rockaby; in my arms he shall lie
As on the sweet face sleep's shadow I trace.

Softly, softly, now see him asleep,
May angels a loving watch keep!
We have done with the tub to-day,
So, nurse, you may take it away.

One, two, three, now please listen to me,
A minute is sixty seconds long,
Sixty minutes to an hour belong.
One, two, three, learning is easy, you see.

Four, five, six, 't is easy as picking up sticks,
Twenty-four hours make one long day,
Seven days in a week, we say.
One, two, three, learning is easy, you see.

Seven, eight, nine, never cry or whine,
The years are only twelve months long,
There is no time for doing wrong.
One, two, three, learning is easy, you see.

Tick, tack, tock, only look at the clock!
He works away the whole day long,
And every hour he sings a song,
Ding, dong, ding, so we 'll work and sing.

Little children, love each other;
Kind, and good, and gentle be.
Brother should be kind to brother,
Sisters should in love agree.

Love your playmates, try to please them;
Let no thing be said or done
Which would hurt, or vex, or tease them,
Or would injure any one.

Quarrel not, but love each other,
And be ready to forgive.
Let each sister and each brother
Seek in love and peace to live.

A LITTLE CHAP.

WHEN such a little chap as I
Comes out in such a place,
With a merry twinkle in his eye,
And a smile upon his face,
I suppose the people wonder
How on earth he will get through,
And where he 'll "steal his thunder,"
If he fails what he will do.

THERE is n't a thing beneath our feet,
But teaches some lesson short and sweet.

A. Carey.

GENTLE WORDS.

HAVE you ever watched a rill,
Trickling down
Through a crevice of the hill
Bare and brown, —
Trickling, trickling, trickling bright
Day and night?
Though it fall so soft and sweet
On the hard rock at your feet,
You will find a hollow there;
It has worn the rock away.
Gentle words fall thus, they say.

Treasure-Trove.

VERY LITTLE ONES.

VERY little ones are we, but we've learned our a, b, c.
We can read and we can spell,
And obey our teacher well.
When we old and wiser grow,
Much we 'll learn and much we 'll know.
Please excuse us, friends, to-day,
For we have not much to say.

BOB.

BOB is the nicest baby!
He hardly ever cries; and oh, he is just too lovely
When he shuts his dark blue eyes.
Do n't you wish you could see him?
It is worth a thousand sights!
I guess you would not think so
If you had to take care of him nights.
I am glad he is just so little.
Wait till he slams the doors;
Wait till he stamps, and shouts, and screams,
Until he shakes the floors.
Wait till he wears great rubber boots,
And teases for balls and kites.
I guess you 'd be glad to have him grow,
If you had to take care of him nights.

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

WHAT is the road to Slumber-land,
And when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms,
When the sun is sinking low;
He goes by the drowsy "land of Nod,"
To the music of "lul-la-by."
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold
Under the evening sky,
Two little tired satiny feet,
From the shoe and the stocking free;
Two little palms together pressed
At the patient mother's knee;
Some baby words that are drowsily lisped
In the tender Shepherd's ear;
And a kiss, that only a mother can place
On the brow of her baby dear;
And close and closer the blue-veined lids
Are hiding the baby's eyes,
As over the road to Slumber-land
The dear little traveler hies.
And this is the way, through mother's arms,
The precious darlings go
To the beautiful City of Slumber-land,
When the sun is sinking low.

KINDNESS softens and humanizes mankind.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

IN speaking of a person's faults,
Pray do n't forget your own;
Remember those in houses glass,
Should never throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin,
'T is better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he 's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.

Some may have faults — and who has not?
The old as well as young;
We may, perhaps, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I 'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others tell.

And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
To those we little know.

Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home."
Don't speak of other's faults until
We have none of our own.

Boy. — I know what I'm going to be when I get big.
School. — What 's that?
Boy. — Something that begins with an S.
School. — Sailor?
Boy. — No.
School. — Shoemaker?
Boy. — No.
School. — Soldier?
Boy. — No.
School. — What, then?
Boy. — 'Stronomer.

DARE to do right! dare to be true.
The failings of others can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

A CLEVER MAXIM.

THERE is a clever maxim,
Which I would on you impress, —
Whether in joy or sorrow,
In pleasure or distress,
To keep your wits about you
And faithfully observe,
To look out for the engine
When it 's coming round the curve.

Should business cares oppress you,
And times seem hard and drear,
An honest heart and sunny smile
Will all your future cheer.
Put on the brakes, keep a sharp lookout.
The maxim well will serve,
If you blow your whistle lively,
When you 're coming round the curve.

Two things a man should never fret about: what he can help, and what he cannot help.

NEVER rail or taunt. The one is rude, the other is scornful, and both evil. — *Penn.*

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I KNOW a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There 's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes;
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He 's worth a dozen boys I know
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

—♦—

CHILDREN have more need of models than of critics.
J. J.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

GOD wants the boys, the merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;
God wants the boys, with all their joys —
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave He 'll have them be,
Fighting for truth and purity;
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls;
God wants to make the girls His pearls —
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace;
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with love and purity;
God wants the girls.

CHARLIE'S OPINION.

THE girls may have their dollies,
Made of china or of wax;
I prefer a little hammer,
And a paper full of tacks.

There 's such comfort in a chisel!
And such music in a file!
I wish that little pocket saws
Would get to be the style!

My kite may fly up in the tree;
My sled be stuck in mud;
And all my hopes of digging wells
Be nipped off in the bud.

But with a little box of nails,
A gimlet and a screw,
I 'm happier than any king;
I 've work enough to do.

YOUTH.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes.

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools!

J. G. Whittier.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"BY and by" is a very bad boy;
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "by and by"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I can't" is a mean little coward;
A boy that is half of a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honors — "I can."

"No use in trying" — nonsense, I say,
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "I forgot" by the way,
He 's a cheat, and you 'd better take heed.

"Do n't care" and "No matter," boys, they 're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, we do care," and it would be "great matter"
If our lives should be spoiled by such faults.

BE loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

D. M. Craik.

NOT SO EASY.

NOW, you may think it very nice,
And very easy too,
For a little boy to stand up here
With little else to do
But make his bow, and say a piece,
To speak up loud and plain,
Then make another bow to close,
And take his seat again.

But I can tell you, one and all,
Whichever way you view it,
To face this crowd of gentle folks,
It takes some *pluck* to do it.
The saying is as true as old,
"Who *gets* a name must *buy* it."
If you do n't credit what I say,
Just walk up here and try it.

NOT SO VERY BIG.

I 'M not so very big, and I 'm not so very old,
But every day I try to do
The things that I am told.
I can sew a little seam,
I can make my doll a dress,

And do a lot of other things,
That none of you would guess.
I can say my a, b, c,
And read my primer through,
And get my papa's slippers out, and watch the baby too.

They call small folks a bother,
I hope they do n't mean me,
For I am just as good all dav
As little girls can be.

WILLIE'S TEA PARTY.

'TIS Willie's birthday and you see
Four little boys came in to tea.
But, oh! how very sad to tell!
They have not been behaving well.

The little boy whose name was Ned,
He wanted jelly on his bread.
The little boy whose name was Sam
Vowed he would have some damson jam.

The little boy whose name was Phil
Said, "I 'll have honey! yes, I will!"
The little boy whose name was Paul,
While they were quarreling, ate it all.

WE LITTLE BOYS.

IF older boys can make a speech,
We little boys can too,
And, though we may not say so much,
Yet we 've a word for you.

This world is large and full of room,
There is a place for all.
The rich, the poor, the wise, the good,
The large as well as small.

So give the little ones a chance,
To show off what they know,
And shun us not because we 're small,
For little boys will grow.

No fountain is so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

God helps those that help themselves.

Franklin.

We grow like what we think of, so let us think of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

DARE TO SAY NO.

DEAR children, you are sometimes led
To sorrow, sin, and woe,
Because you have not courage quite,
And dare not answer No.

When playmates tell you this or that
Is "very nice to do,"
See first what mamma says, or, if
You think 't is wrong, say No.

Be always gentle, but be firm,
And wheresoe'er you go,
If you are asked to do what 's wrong,
Do n't fear to answer No.

Sometimes a thing that 's not a sin,
You may be asked to do,
But when you think it is not best,
Do n't yield, but answer No.

True friends will honor you the more,
Ah, yes, and false ones, too,
When they have learned you 're not afraid
To stand and answer No.

And when temptations rise within,
And plead to "come" or "go,"
And do a wrong for "*just this once*,"
Be sure you answer No.

For when you once have done a wrong,
The right receives a blow,
And wrong will triumph easier now,
So haste and answer No.

There 's many a little boy and girl,
And man and woman too,
Have gone to ruin and to death
For want of saying No.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity. *Lavater.*

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. *David Thomas.*

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another. *George Eliot.*

The deepest truth blooms only from the deepest love. *Nicholas Rowe.*

Reason with conscience should rule our acts.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.

I THOUGHT when I learned my letters,
That all of my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken, —
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But not like learning to write; —
I 'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up, and down, and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig.
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little, and big.

SCHOOL-BOY TROUBLES.

THE witches get in my books, I know,
Or else it 's fairy elves;
For when I study, they plague me so,
I feel like one of themselves.
Often they whisper, "Come and play,
The sun is shining bright!"

And when I fling the book away,
They flutter with delight.
They dance among the stupid words
And twist the "rules" away;
And fly across the page like birds,
Though I can't see them fly.
They twitch my feet, they blur my eyes,
They make me drowsy too;
In fact, the more a fellow tries
To study, the worse they do.
They can't be heard, they can't be seen —
I know not how they look —
And yet they always lurk between
The leaves of a lesson book.
Whatever they are I cannot tell,
But this is plain as day:
I never'll be able to study well,
As long as the book-elves stay.

Oh, what a lot of pleasure
Sweet, smiling faces bring;
And what a lot of music in pleasant voices ring!
The skies may meet in sadness
The blust'ring wind may blow,
But if our hearts are cheery, there's sunshine
where we go.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.
Chesterfield.

POPPING CORN.

BRING an ear of yellow corn, and then
rub, rub, rub.
Till the kernels rattle off from the
nub, nub, nub.
Then put them in a hopper made of
wire, wire, wire,
And set the little hopper on the
fire, fire, fire.
If you find them getting lively, give a
shake, shake, shake,
And a very pretty clatter they will
make, make, make.
Hark! hear the heated grains going
pop, pop, pop,
All about the little hopper going
hop, hop, hop.
When you see the yellow corn turning
white, white, white,
You may know that the popping is done
right, right, right.
When the hopper gets too full you may
know, know, know
That the fire has changed your corn into
snow, snow, snow.
Turn the snow into a dish, for it is
done, done, done;
Then pass it round and eat, for that's the
fun, fun, fun.

DO YOUR BEST.

DO your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boy and little girl, —
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good will, —
It is a golden rule.

What if your lesson should be hard,
You need not yield to sorrow;
For him who bravely works to-day,
His task grows light to-morrow.

BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything,
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulders to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

PRINCE AND PEARL.

IN the very same year, on the very same day,
Two little babies were born;
One was a doggy and one was a girl,
One was named Prince and one was named Pearl,
All on a New Year's morn.

And in one cradle the babies slept,
All through the midwinter weather;
One on the pillow, dimpled and sweet,
And one curled up at the darling's feet,—
Prince and Pearl together.

But Prince grew fast, as doggies will,
Till he soon was large and strong,
With a coal-black coat that was curly and fine,
With a big, big bark and a sorrowful whine;
And he learned to know right from wrong.

And Prince would sit by the baby Pearl,
Rocking her while she slept,
Gently, lightly, to and fro,
And the mother was free to come and go,
For Prince a true watch kept.

And he 'd bear caresses from baby hands
With never so much as a wince;
And Pearl on his back was secure from harm,
For he 'd carry her safely all over the farm, —
Darling, trusty old Prince.

And when Pearl went to the village school,
A mile or more away,
Prince carried her basket and primer, too,
And would run to bring her when school was thro'
At the close of the long, long day.

Oh, they were ever the best of friends,
In sunny or stormy weather;
Up in the mountains or down by the sea,
In town or country, 't would always be
Prince and Pearl together.

Emma C. Dowd.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"O CALL my brother back to me;
I cannot play alone!
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,—
O, call my brother back!

"The flowers run wild,—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load,—
O, call him back to me!"

"He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou 'lt see.

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go, thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
O, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

Mrs. Hemans.

CONUNDRUM.

Boy.— Can anybody guess my conundrum? I'll tell you pretty quick what it is. Why is a little boy like a potato?

School. — Because he needs sprouting to make him good.

Boy. — *I* don't need sprouting to make *me* good. I always mind my mother, and say "please," and she can't always say no. Guess again.

School. — Because you have to wash all the dirt off before you can see the skin.

Boy. — 'T ain't no such thing: my face is washed, and washed, and washed, and there 's never a bit of dirt on it (holding up his hands), and you can see how clean my hands are. Guess again.

School. — I don't think we can guess; you will have to tell.

Boy. — Why is a little boy like a potato? Because he has eyes.

THE soul that perpetually overflows with kindness and sympathy will always be cheerful.

Parke Godwin.

NEVER BREAK A PROMISE.

IF you wish to be respected
And to gather many a friend,
There 's a simple rule to follow,
That will bring the wished-for end.
It is this: Be very careful
How your promises you make,
And a promise, once 't is given,
Never, never, never break.

Keep engagements to the letter;
Let this praise to you belong:
"Oh, his word is just as binding
As would be his legal bond."
Thus your name will e'er be honored,
If you 'll always keep your word.

IF you are idle, you are on the road to ruin; and there are few stopping-places upon it. It is rather a precipice than a road.

H. W. Beecher.

SLOTH makes all things difficult; but Industry, all easy; and he that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Franklin.

I LOVE my mamma very much,
I love my papa too;
And when I am a great big man,
I 'll tell you what I 'll do.

I 'll buy my papa a bicycle
And my mamma a rockaway,
And I 'll let them ride just all they please,
If it 's sixty miles a day.

WASTE not, want not, be your motto,—
Little things bring weal or woe;
Save the odds and ends, my children,
Some one wants them, if not you.

Mrs. E. P. Miller.

TAKE care of your garden,
And keep it from weeds;
Fill, fill it with sunshine,
Kind words, and kind deeds.

CHARACTER is made up of small duties faithfully performed, of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.

CONSTANT occupation prevents temptation.

BE on time.

THE PLEASANT SIGHT.

HOW delightful 't is to see
Little children who agree;
Who from everything abstain
That will give each other pain.

Angry words they never speak;
Promises they never break;
Unkind looks they never show;
Love sits smiling on each brow.

They are one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Willing others to forgive,
And make happy all who live.

GOODNESS consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward thing we are. *To be* is the great thing.

E. H. Chapin.

LEARN the luxury of doing good.

Goldsmith.

WHEN thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek a place where God cannot see thee.

Lokman.

BY AND BY.

THERE 'S a little mischief-maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dreamland,
That are never seen in this;
Dashing from our lips the pleasures
Of the present, while we sigh;
You may know this mischief-maker
By the name of By and By.

THE ONLY CHILD.

OH dear, I am so lonely,
Just playing here alone!
I wish I had a sister,
That I might call my own.

I do wish I could find one
Somewhere about at play,
That God forgot to send me,
Some very busy day!

I 'd give her half my playthings,
Up in the nursery piled,
For oh! it is so lonesome
To be an only child.

A SHELL-FISH OLD WOMAN.

A LITTLE old woman, as I have heard tell,
Lived near the sea, in a nice little shell;
She was well off if she wanted her tea —
She 'd plenty of water from out of the sea.

Then if for her dinner she had the least wish,
Of course she had nothing to do but to fish;
So, really, this little old woman did well,
As she did n't pay rent for the use of the shell.

THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

'TIS strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that 's not true!
They 'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it —
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he 's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows,

If his voice is as hoarse as the raven,
  Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not; — but this I am sure of —
  A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
  The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry, or sullen, or hateful,
  Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister, —
  That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
  That little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a closet,
  Where nobody sees but a mouse,
You may be all alone in the cellar,
  You may be on the top of the house,
You may be in the dark and the silence
  Or out in the woods and the dells —
No matter! wherever it happens,
  The little bird tells.

And the only contrivance to stop him
  Is just to be sure what you say —
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
  Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
  Be gentle and loving as well,
And then — you can laugh at the stories
  The little bird tells!

WHOLE-HEARTED.

WHATSOE'ER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might.
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven;
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim, —
Spotless truth and honor bright;
I 'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white.
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms, when we speak,
May deceive *me;*
But, believe me,
To *himself* he is a *sneak.*

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, and with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true;
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things;

God will hear, and answer too.
Trust Him ever;
Doubt Him never;
Then He 'll show what He can do.

Every one is sowing
Both by word and deed,
All mankind are growing
Either wheat or weed.
Thoughtless ones are throwing
Any sort of seed.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson that I must learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain.
I must work at my task
With a resolute will,
Over and over again.

Life is of little value, unless it be consecrated by duty.

Samuel Smiles.

LITTLE moments make an hour;
Little thoughts, a book;
Little seeds, a tree or flower;
Water-drops, a brook;
Little deeds of faith and love
Make a home for you above.

THE fisher who draws in his net too soon
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon
Won't learn any lessons well.

IF you would have your learning stay,
Be patient, don't learn too fast;
The man who travels a mile each day,
Will get round the world at last.

TRUE liberty can exist only when justice is equally administered to all.

Lord Mansfield.

VIRTUE, not lineage, is the mark of nobility.

FAME comes from noble deeds.

TEN LITTLE YANKEE BOYS.

TEN little Yankee boys all went to school;
Nine sat on a bench, one on a stool.

Nine little Yankee boys went out to play;
Eight came back again, one ran away.

Eight little Yankee boys stood in a row;
One said his lesson, seven — "I don't know!"

Seven little Yankee boys all in disgrace;
Six took to weeping, one made a face.

Six little Yankee boys slid on the ice;
Five broke through, one said — "How nice!"

Five little Yankee boys rode on a sled;
Four had a good ride, one bumped his head.

Four little Yankee boys ate chicken pie;
Three got choked, but they did not die.

Three little Yankee boys went and played ball;
Two had a good game, one had a fall.

Two little Yankee boys ran away home;
One stayed there, and one went to Rome.

One little Yankee boy was put in his bed,
Went fast asleep; there 's no more to be said.

DR. JOHNNY'S VISIT.

MY youngest doll is very sick,
My little Annie Bell;
I 've sent for Johnny Dr. man
To come and make her well.

Ah! here he is, the Dr. man.
Dr., how long you 've been!
My baby 's got some measles,
And you must strike 'em in.

Or maybe its desipelas!
Oh, Dr., tell me quick.
I think, said Johnny, solemnly,
I think she 's awful sick.

Now get some water to her feet,
And mustard on her head,
And wrap her up in blankets,
Or she 'll be very dead.

And here 's the medicine to take,
You 'll need your biggest spoon;
'T will cure her up like everything
This very afternoon.

Then Johnny took his hat and cane
And started for the door.

And such a Dr. man was he
That when the clock struck four,

Miss Dolly, in her carriage,
All dressed in silk and lace,
Beat Johnny's new velocipede
When they went out to race.

A DREARY place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it,
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no little ones to begin it.

J. G. Whittier.

As a little silvery circular ripple, set in motion by a falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius, further and further on the pool; so there is not a child, a youth, a feeble, humble Christian who may not cause a gentle wave on the pool of life, and exercise some influence, however small, upon the world.

WHATEVER you're doing,
Bear this always in mind,
In all little things
Be both thoughtful and kind.

KINDNESS has many charms.

I'LL PUT IT OFF.

SOME little folks are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I 'll put it off at least to-day;
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing;
You cannot stop its flight;
Then do at once your little tasks,
You 'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off
Will end in "never done";
And "by and by is time enough"
Has ruined many a one.

LITTLE JULIETTA JONES.

LITTLE Julietta Jones stood on the cold stones
Eating a bit of cheese,
When a Welsh rabbit came by,
And tried to grab the cheese,
Without once saying, If you please?

OFT the cloud which wraps the present hour serves but to brighten all our future days.

John Brown.

KEEP A WATCH ON YOUR WORDS.

KEEP a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter revengeful spirit
Prompts the words, let them be unsaid.
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth.

A KISS.

DO n't think, dear friends, that I 'm too small
To fill a place like this.
I 'm big enough to love you all,
And throw you all a kiss.

A little word, a look, a smile,
Will never come amiss;
Takes but a minute, as you see,
To throw you all a kiss.

It may be that you have at home
Some boy or little sis
Who laughs, and peeps, and when you go
Throws after you a kiss.

A little bird can sing a song,
And flowers bloom — we know this;
But neither singing bird nor flower
Can, like me, throw a kiss.

SMILES are more than sunshine,
Love is more than gold;
Patient hearts and toiling hands
Bring joy and wealth untold.

YIELD always to reason, but never to passion.

THE BIRD-CATCHER.

LAWRENCE has set such a wonderful trap!
It has a long string, and goes to with a snap.
He has carefully scattered some grains of corn,
And see! there's a bird coming over the lawn!
Away it comes chirruping, chirping, and hopping;
Into the trap it will soon be popping!
Mary and Lilly take part in the sport,
It is so exciting to see a bird caught!
Don't stir from your places, and don't speak a word,
Or else you will frighten away the bird.

Now our morning work is ended.
Longer we must not remain;
It is time our way we wended
To our happy home again.

Gladly do our mothers greet us
Every day when we go home;
Gladly our companions greet us
When again we hither come.

TRUTH is honest, truth is sure;
Truth is strong, and must endure.
Falsehood lasts a single day;
Then it vanishes away.

NIGHT.

BUT when you are weary with working,
Or when you are tired with play,
Then, ready for quiet and slumber,
You 'll be glad that night follows day.
I 'll come to you then, O my darling,
And tenderly sing you to sleep,
While high in the heavens so peaceful
The stars will their faithful watch keep.

UNSKILLED workmen will blame their tools.

SPRING.

I AM gentle young Spring,
And most sweetly I sing,
While I 'm coming to bring
Sun and shower, and to fling
Buds and blossoms on your pathway,
As a greeting from Spring.

You will see by and by,
When a cloud 's in the sky,
I shall sob and shall cry,
Though I hardly know why.
Yes ; you 'll see the tear-drops pouring
When a cloud 's in the sky.

But the sun we shall see,
For the shadows will flee,
Then will children agree
To rush forth full of glee,
And with smiles I 'll join the children
When the dark shadows flee.

SUMMER.

THE soft, balmy breezes are blowing,
The roses and poppies are gay,
The farmer is busily mowing,
While the birds and the butterflies play.

With garlands of flowers I meet you,
As high rides the midsummer sun;
The robins and humming-birds greet you,
And holiday sports have begun.

AUTUMN.

OH, I 'm a jolly fellow,
Though some may think me sad,
For, dressed in red and yellow,
I surely must be glad.

Oh, may my harvest scatter
A rich and boundless store!
The larder full, what matter
How loud the tempests roar?

WINTER.

I AM the Winter cold;
The New Year groweth old
'Mid sleet and snow.
With icicles I'm crowned,
And from the frozen ground
No flowers can grow.

Yet I can bring good cheer,
And, children, never fear.

THE WORLD.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are wonderfully dressed!
The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree:
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.
You, friendly earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow?
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?
Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all!

And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say: —
You are more than the Earth,
Though you are such a dot;
You can *love* and *think*, and the Earth cannot.

Lilliput Lectures.

IF I COULD BE THE OLD YEAR.

IF I could be the old year, that 's passing swift away,
I 'd hasten to the children, and to them I would say:
Oh! happy, romping children, that I have loved so dear,
I hope you 'll not forget me, though I may not be near.
If I could be the New Year, I 'd take them by the hand,
And kiss their smiling faces as joyously they stand,
And bid them all a welcome, the fondest that I knew.
And hope they 'd learn to love me, and be my good friends, too.

I HAVE learned by experience that no man's character can be effectually injured but by his own acts.

R. Hill.

QUIT not certainty for hope.

ODD moments are the golden dust of life.

WATER.

WATER, water flowing free,
Water is the drink for me,
Smiling, rippling merrily.
Dancing where the sunbeams play,
Where I go, or where I stay
All the happy glowing day.

Water, water pure for me,
Nothing better I can see,
If I 'd healthy, happy be.
Whither go you, stream so bright, —
Sparkling in the golden light,
Murmuring softly in the night?

Water seeming said to me,
Rippling all so merrily,
I am going to the sea,
Doing good to some each day,
Making beautiful the way, —
But good-by! I cannot stay.

EVENING.

SWEET evening in her robes of sable hue
Is here, and is bestowing her soft dew
Upon the earth, and shutting up the flowers,
With her moist fingers, for the sleeping hours.

THE LITTLE RIVER.

RIPPLING, purling little river,
Always flowing, hastening on,
See the sparkling, silvery ripples
As they vanish one by one.

Down the hill-side, through the valley,
Gliding onward, murmuring low,
Watering flowers, pretty flowers,
Giving joy where'er you go.

Ah! the waves are like the hours,
Which so swiftly pass away;
One by one they too will vanish,
Through they 're now so bright and gay.

Therefore let us now learn gladly
What will through our lives remain,
Hours hasten without tarrying,
And not one comes back again.

WIND.

I AM the wind, and I come very fast;
Through the tall woods I can blow a loud blast.
Sometimes I am soft as a sweet gentle child;
I play with the flowers, am quiet and mild.

THE CHILDREN OF THE YEAR.

JANUARY.

JANUARY! tall and bold,
Stern of feature, distant, cold,
Is the eldest of my band. —
Shake him warmly by the hand.
For his heart is good and true;
He is planning something new
Always, for his home and friends.
Cold and distant though he be,
He is very dear to me.

FEBRUARY.

February, next in years,
As a little boy appears,
He 's so very short and small;
But he 's sturdy after all.
He can skate and coast and slide,
And his sisters, in their pride,
Greet him warmly, for they know
He must brave the winter's snow.

MARCH.

Slipping, sliding into view,
Here comes March! How do you do?
He 's a noisy boy as ever
Breathed the breath of life, for never
Is he still unless he 's sleeping,
" Stormy March " is oft his greeting;

Yet he 's kind as he can be,
And his heart is full of glee.

APRIL.

Next comes April, fretful child,
Sweet at times, then cross and wild;
Cries a great deal, then she's sunny.
All her brothers call her "Funny."
But she has a loving face,
And her form is full of grace;
Bright blue eyes and sunny hair
Fall to pretty April's share.

MAY.

Here comes lovely, laughing May!
What can she have done to-day —
Roaming o'er the meadows sweet,
With the daisies at her feet,
And the buttercups so gay
Smiling at her all the way?
Little May 's a favored child,
Gentle, loving, meek and mild.

JUNE.

June is queen among them all;
Roses blossom at her call:
All her paths are strewn with flowers
Through the long, bright, sunny hours.
Lovely June, with gentle hand,
Scatters blessings o'er the land;

Paints the roses, white and red,
While the pansies in their bed
Open wide their sleepy eyes.
June has such a happy way
That the neighbors always say,
"Come again another day."

JULY.

Panting with the noontide heat,
Thirsty, tired, with weary feet,
Comes July, my brave July.
Rising early as the dawn,
While the dew is on the lawn,
Off he goes, with whistle gay
To the meadows far away,
Where the grass and clover bloom,
Yielding up their sweet perfume.

AUGUST.

August says: "The ripened grain
Is all garnered from the rain;
Let us go and have a play.
By the seaside, far away,
Where there is no work to fear,
We will rest, and dream, and hear
What the voices of the sea
Have to say to you and me."

SEPTEMBER.

September appears with a bounding rush,
That seems to say:

"I can put your merriest one to the blush
At work or play!"
He fills our mouths with his grapes and pears;
He rattles his nuts about our ears;
He gathers his apples and binds his sheaves,
While the days whirl by like the whirling leaves;
Say who could be
Better company
Than gay September, for you and me.

OCTOBER.

October comes in late: you must excuse her! she has been up all night upon the river and on the hill-tops, seeking a place where she may now begin her autumn painting. All through the day she's painting pears and apples, but when the evening comes she sallies forth, with brush and palette, to brighten up the fading leaves and grasses.

NOVEMBER.

Ah! here's November!—She's the saddest child I have; she hardly ever smiles, and makes all other people sad about her. Nobody loves November, and yet she has charms which all my other children might be proud to have.

DECEMBER.

December! last of all—he loves a frolic just as well as any one I know—and, like his older brothers, he can skate and slide. He loves the winter,—and is

happiest in a snow-storm; he revels in the drifts, and thinks the cold north wind is nothing but a plaything. I love them all. Each is my favorite child. A fonder, happier mother never lived.

SPRING.

THE winter being over,
In order comes the spring,
Which doth green herbs discover
And cause the birds to sing.
The night also expired,
There comes the morning bright,
Which is so much desired
By all that love the light.
This may teach them that mourn
To put their grief to flight;
The spring succeedeth winter,
And day must follow night.

WRITE injuries in dust, kindnesses in marble.

Do not look for wrong and evil,—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Alice Carey.

THE MOON.

OH, look at the moon!
She is shining up there;
O mother, she looks like a lamp in the air.
Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger and round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
On my nursery floor!
You shine on my playthings and show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.
And there is a star close by you;
And maybe that small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

Eliza Follen.

COMB AND BRUSH.

BUSY Bee! busy Bee! where is your home?
"In truth, pretty maiden, I live in a comb."

And you, little Rabbit, where do you rush?
"Back to my family, under the brush."

WORDS of wisdom, some one said,
Are in life the silver thread.

MOON.

MOON, so round and yellow, looking from on high,
How I love to see you shining in the sky!
Oft and oft I wonder, when I see you there,
How they get to light you, hanging in the air.

When you go at morning, when the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping o'er the hills at last,
Sometime I will watch you slyly overhead,
When you think I 'm sleeping snugly in my bed.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

OH, I wonder if any one knows,
On a sunshiny day, where a naughty cloud goes?
I have heard that it hovers about, unheeded,
Until on an angry child's face it is needed;
Then swiftly and silently it settles down
On his smooth, white forehead — an ugly frown.

Oh, I wonder if any one knows,
On a cloudy day, where the sunshine goes?
I have heard that it chooses the queerest of places —
The hearts of good children, and shines through their faces.
In their eyes it dances all the while,
On their lips it lingers — a loving smile.

M. T. Rouse.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow;
February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again;
March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil;
April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet;
May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams;
June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies;
Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gilliflowers;
August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne;
Warm September brings the fruit,—
Sportsmen then begin to shoot;
Fresh October brings the pheasant,—
Then to gather nuts is pleasant;
Dull November brings the blast,—
Then the leaves are whirling fast;
Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

Sarah Coleridge.

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it each day, until it becomes so strong we cannot break it.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING.

SPRING day! happy day!
God hath made the earth so gay!
Every little flower He waketh,
Every herb to grow He maketh.
When the pretty lambs are springing,
When the little birds are singing,
Child, forget not God to praise,
Who hath sent such happy days.

SUMMER.

Summer day! sultry day!
Hotly burns the noontide ray;
Gentle drops of summer showers
Fall on thirsty trees and flowers;
On the cornfield rain doth pour,
Ripening grain for winter store.
Child, to God thy thanks should be,
Who in summer thinks of thee.

AUTUMN.

Autumn day! fruitful day!
See what God hath given away!
Orchard trees with fruit are bending,
Harvest wains are homeward wending,
And the Lord all o'er the land
Opens wide His bounteous hand.
Children, gathering fruits that fall,
Think of God, who gives them all.

WINTER.

Winter day! frosty day!
God a cloak on all doth lay;
On the earth the snow He sheddeth,
O'er the lamb a fleece He spreadeth,
Gives the bird a coat of feather
To protect it from the weather,
Gives the children home and food —
Let us praise Him — God is good!

THE FOUR SEASONS.

BIRDS are in the woodland, buds are on the tree,
Merry spring is coming; ope the pane and see.

Then come sportive breezes, fields with flowers are gay,
In the woods we 're singing through the summer day.

Fruits are ripe in autumn, leaves are sear and red;
Then we glean the cornfield, thanking God for bread.

Then at last comes winter; fields are cold and lorn,
But there 's happy Christmas, when our Lord was born.

Thus as years roll onward merrily we sing,
Thankful for the blessings all the seasons bring.

The Children's Book of Poetry.

THE RAIN, WIND, AND SNOW.

RAIN! rain! April rain!
Bring the flowers back again;
Yellow cowslip and violet blue,
Buttercups and daisies too.

Wind! wind! autumn wind!
He the leafless trees has thinned;
Loudly doth he roar and shout;
Bar the door and keep him out.

Snow! snow! pure white snow!
O'er the fields thy covering strow;
Cover up the seed so warm,
Through the winter safe from harm.

Rain! wind! snow! all three,
Each in turn, shall welcome be;
Each and all in turn are sent
On the earth with good intent.

Rhyme and Reason.

THE RAIN.

"OPEN the window and let me in,"
Sputters the petulant rain;
"I want to splash down on the carpet, dear,
And I can't get through the pane.

"Here I 've been tapping outside to you;
Why do n't you come, if you 're there?
The scuttles are shut, or I 'd dash right in
And stream down the attic stair.

"I 've washed the windows, I 've spattered the blinds;
And that is not half I 've done;
I bounced on the steps and the sidewalks too,
Till I made the good people run.

"I 've sprinkled your plant on the window sill,
So drooping and wan that looks,
And dusty gutters, I 've filled them up
Till they flow like running brooks.

"I have been out in the country too,
For there in glory am I;
The meadows I 've swelled, and watered the corn,
And floated the fields of rye."

Mrs. Wells.

THE RAIN SONG.

WHEN woods were still and smoky,
And roads with dust were white,
And daily the red sun came up,
With never a cloud in sight,
And the hill-side brook had hardly strength
To journey down to the plain,
A welcome sound it was to hear
The robins' song of rain.

"Lily, Fuchsia, Pansy,"
The robins sang in the town
To the thirsty garden-flowers, that stood
With delicate heads bowed down,
"Listen, we bring you a message:
Your doubts and fears are vain,
For He who knoweth all your needs
To-morrow will send you rain.

"Golden-rod, Aster, Gentian,"
They sang in field and wood,
"We whose homes are near to the sky
Have brought you tidings good.
Lift up your heads and listen,
Forget your thirst and pain,
For He who knoweth all your needs
To-morrow will send you rain."

Far and wide they sang it,
Till grove and garden knew;
The green trees stirred at the joyful word,
Till the sunset clouds looked through.
Each told the news to his neighbor,
Each neighbor passed it along,
Till the lowliest flower in the quiet wood
Had heard of the robins' song.

Dear little feathered prophets!
Your message was not in vain,
For in the silence of the night
Came the footsteps of the rain.

R. P. Utter.

APRIL'S TRICK.

WHEN April still was young,
And full of her tricks and wiles,
Sometimes frowning and sad,
Again all grace and smiles,
One day young April said,
"I will feign that I am dead.

"The sun and the wind will mourn,
For they love me well, I know:
I will hear what they say of me
In my drapery of snow."
So, silently, in the night,
She clothed herself in white.

The sun rose up in the morn,
And looked from east to west,
And April lay still and white;
Then he called the wind from his rest.
"Sigh and lament," he said,
"Sweet April, the child, is dead.

"She that was always fair,
Behold how white she lies!
Cover the golden hair,
Close down the beaming eyes.
One last time let us kiss thee,
Sweet April; we shall miss thee!"

The sun touched his lips to her cheeks,
And the color returned in a glow;
The wind laid his hand on her hair,
And it glistened under the snow,
As, laughing aloud in glee,
Sweet April shook herself free.

R. P. Utter

THE RAIN.

COME, rain, come,
That the water may run,
That the meadow-grass may grow;
That the fruit and grain,
O'er hill and plain,
May greet us as we go.

Come, rain, come,
That the water may run,
That the mill may make our meal;—
'T will grind our wheat
And corn so sweet,
When it turns the old mill-wheel.

A LITTLE bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

MUD-PIES.

WITH a little water mix a little clay;
Stir it with a crooked stick half the day,
Sweeten it with sand, put in some biscuit crumbs,
White stones for citron, and black stones for plums;
Take it up carefully, roll it on a board,
Then you have the best pie money can afford.
Put it on a flat stone, set it in the sun;
There let it bake till the mud-pie is done.

THE WATER THAT HAS PASSED.

LISTEN to the water-mill
Through the livelong day.
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves,
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As the spell is cast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Living heart and true;

Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Live while life shall last —
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

APRIL.

APRIL is called so for it opens the flowers.
April, the opener, unlocks everything:
Gray fields, bare fallows, and these hearts of ours —
All but the miser's — feel the joy of spring.

GREETING TO THE SUN.

GOOD morning, merry sunshine
How did you wake so soon?
You 've scared the little stars away,
And shined away the moon.

I saw you go to sleep last night,
Before I ceased my playing.
How did you get away over here,
And where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, dear child.
I just go round to see
My little children of the East,
Who rise and watch for me.

I waken all the birds and bees
And flowers on my way;
And, last of all, the little child
Who stayed out late to play.

THE LEAVES AND THE WIND.

"COME, little leaves," said the wind one day —
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold —
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs that they knew:

"Cricket, good-by, we 've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your parting song! —
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;

Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

George Cooper.

APRIL.

WELL, April, fickle lass, you 're here,
With muddy shoes and cap of snow,
With now a smile and now a tear,
With first a kiss and then a blow.

You come with saucy flap and skirt,
With pout of lip and roguish eye,
That mark you, April, for a flirt
Who offers love but to deny.

But then, dear April, we forgive
The follies of your wanton way;
You tend the flowers while you live,
And, dying, give them all to May.

He who does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Watts.

THE EAST WIND.

THE wind blew coldly through the streets,
And laughed in the people's faces,
As if he would say, I 've caught you to-day,
And enjoy your stern grimaces.

But the children smiled, and, laughing, said,
We like to hear you bellow,
For with furs and muff it is easy enough
To hide from you, old fellow.

A CHEERFUL temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.

Addison.

CORN.

THERE is a plant you often see
In gardens and in fields;
Its stalk is straight, its leaves are long,
And precious fruit it yields.

The fruit when young is soft and white,
And closely wrapped in green,
And tassels hang from every ear,
Which children love to glean.

But when the tassels fade away,
The fruit is ripe and old;
It peeps from out the wrapping dry
Like beads of yellow gold.
The fruit when young we boil and roast,
When old we grind it well.
Now think of all the plants you know,
And try its name to tell.

Children's Book of Poetry.

HOW DO THEY GROW?

THIS is only a blade of grass;
But how does it grow? Does any one know?
The seasons come, and the seasons pass,
And with every year the grass we have here,
So green and bright in the sun and rain;
And then it is brown when the snow comes down,
But young and fresh in the spring again.

This is only a little girl;
But how does she grow? Does any one know?
With her hair of gold and her teeth of pearl,
From a baby so wee she will grow to be
A maiden as fair as a blooming rose;
But no one can say, as day follows day,
How a blade of grass or a little girl grows.

QUICK believers should have broad shoulders.

OLD ROOK AND YOUNG ROOK.

SAID the old rook to the young rook,
Will you get out of that nest?
Said the young rook to the old rook,
No; I like *this place* the best.
Said the old rook to the young rook,
Do you hear me? go away!
Said the young rook to the old rook,
Yes, I hear; but I mean to stay.
Said the old rook to the young rook,
We are too many here!
Said the young rook to the old rook,
Then go yourself, my dear.
Said the old rook to the young rook,
I am king of this elm-tree!
Said the young rook to the old rook,
That matters not to me.
Said the old rook to the young rook,
Take that long bough to the right;
Said the young rook to the old rook,
I am sleepy, so good-night.
Said the old rook to the young rook,
For the last time, will you go?
Said the young rook to the old rook,
For the last time, no, no, no.
Said the old rook to the young rook,
I shall make you feel my beak!
Said the young rook to the old rook,
Grandfather, did you speak?

So the old one pecked the young one
Till he fairly turned him out; —
And that was why I could not sleep,
The rooks made such a rout.

SWEET SUMMER'S GONE.

THERE'S a purple tint on the woodland leaves,
And the winds are up all day;
There's a rustling heard on the yellow sheaves,
And it seems to sadly say,
Sweet summer's gone away.

In the wrinkled brook no roses peep,
And the bees no longer stay,
And the butterflies have gone to sleep,
And the locusts trill all day.
Sweet summer's gone away.

On the browning fields the spider spins
Where the lambs no longer play;
And the cricket now his chirp begins,
And the quail is whistling gay.
Sweet summer's gone away.

There are loving arms for baby dear
Though the skies are chill and gray,
And a cosey home-nest all the year,
And sweet kisses every day,
Though summer's gone away.

THE LARK AND NIGHTINGALE.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest.
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

FLY AWAY, LITTLE BIRDS.

FLY away, little birds, 't is your season to go;
The winter is coming,
With cold winds and snow.
The flowers have gone from the meadows around,
To live in their seeds,
And their roots underground.
The leaves have turned red on the bushes and trees,
And fall from the branches
In every light breeze.
The moth lies asleep in the bed he has spun,
And the bee stays at home
With his honeyed work done.
So now, little birds, you must hasten away
To the South, where the sunshine
And blossoms will stay.
But return with the spring, when the weather is fair.
And sing your sweet songs
In the warm pleasant air.

A DISTRACTED MOTHER-HEN.

A NICE little motherly hen was she,
And as proud of her chickens as she could be,
Oh, they were a funny lot!
Their toes turned in and their bills were round,
And they always waddled over the ground
In search of a muddy spot.

"Cluck, cluck!" would the motherly hen loudly call,
As soon as the rain began to fall;
"Come in, my dears, you 'll get wet!"
"Quack, quack! quack, quack!" said the ducklings four,
"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen, "do n't you see it pour?"
"Quack, quack!" they answered, "not quite yet!"

Though hard she scratched with her willing feet,
She could n't get them enough to eat,
The horribly greedy things.
And they did n't seem to have any sense,
For they would n't roost on the barnyard fence,
Or make any use of their wings.
As they grew older, the mother-hen
Went out with her chickens a-walking, when
They came to a pretty pond,
And into it straight, with a fearless dash,
The web-footed chickens went splashety-splash,
And scared their mother so fond.

Scared her verily out of her wits,
Into spasms and fainting fits;

Still she kept crying, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!
You 'll drown! you 'll drown! my dear quartet!"
"Oh, no, we won't! you need n't fret!"
Exclaimed each naughty duck.

As they grew bigger, they would n't mind,
But wandered off wherever inclined.
And the motherly hen declared
That, if they continued behaving so,
She was n't to blame, and they might go
And drown, for all she cared.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

"CLUCK," says the biddie hen;
"Peep," says the chick;
"Chirp," says the sparrow, —
"Give us crumbs to pick."
"Mew," says the pussy-cat,
"Milk, if you please";
"Squeak," cries the mousie,
"I'll take a bit of cheese";
"Bow-wow, — a bone for me,"
Says old dog Tray;
"Moo," says the mooly-cow,
"I should like some hay";
"Quee," says the little pig,
"Anything you will";
"Grunt," says the old hog, —
"Let me have the swill."

THE SPARROW IN THE SNOW.

HE hopped down cheerily into the snow,
Brave little barefoot Brownie —
As if snow were the warmest thing below,
And as cosey as it is downy!

And his brown, little, knowing, saucy head,
In a way that was 'cutely funny,
He jerked to one side, as though he said,
"I don't care if it is n't sunny."

"I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!" he said,
And he winked with his eye so cheery,
"For somebody's left some crumbs of bread,
So my prospects are not all dreary.

"And what 's a cold toe, when I 've got a whole suit
Of the cunningest warm brown feathers?
I don't care if I have n't a shoe to my foot; —
I 'm a bird, sir, for all sorts of weathers.

"I don't fly away at the first touch of frost,
Like some of your fine-tongued birdies;
I don't think everything 's ruined and lost
When the wind mutters threatening wordies.

"I don't care!" he chirped; "I don't care! I don't care!
It might be a great deal colder;

But I 'm a fellow that knows not fear; —
Old Winter but makes me bolder!"

Ah, plain, little, hardy, brown-coat bird!
Through life I 'll try to remember
To meet its winters with a cheerful word,
Like thee to brave my December.

BUNNY'S RETREAT.

'TWAS on a summer afternoon,
When the park was green and gay,
A timid rabbit ventured out
To have a little play.

He nibbled at the roots awhile,
And frisked beneath the trees;
And watched the birds and flowers bright
In sweet content and ease.

Till Fido, seeing Bunny there,
With yelps, to catch him tried;
But Bunny sped, an opening found,
And in he went to hide.

And when he dared to look around
To find where he might be,
Some brother rabbit said, "Good Day,"
And met him cheerily.

LITTLE BROWN SQUIRREL.

SCHOOL.

LITTLE brown squirrel, pray, what do you eat?
What had you for dinner to-day?

SQUIRREL.

Nuts, beautiful nuts, so nice and so sweet!
I gather them off the tall trees in the wood,
And eat all the kernels I find that are good,
And then throw the hard shells away.

SCHOOL.

Little brown squirrel, but what do you do
When the season for nuts is o'er?

SQUIRREL.

I gather ripe nuts all the long summer through,
And hide them so deep in a hole in the ground;
Then, when the dark winter again has come round,
I have plenty still laid up in store.

Dear little reader, I wonder if you
Are laying in food for your mind?
You should seek what is good and instructive and true.
You should gain all the knowledge that ought to be known, —
That when the bright days of your childhood are flown,
You may be of some use to mankind.

BUTTERFLY.

YES, go, little butterfly! fan the warm air
With your soft silken pinions, so brilliant and fair!
A poor fluttering prisoner no longer you 'll be!
There, out of the window! you are free! — you are free!
Go, rest on the bosom of some favorite flower;
Go, sport in the sunlight your brief little hour,
For your day, at the longest, is scarcely a span;
Then go and enjoy it; be gay while you can.
As for me, I have something more useful to do.
I must work, I must learn; —
Though I play sometimes too,
All *your* days with the blossoms, bright thing, you may spend;
They will close with the summer;
Mine never shall end.

—♦—

SWEET love is the sunshine
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Live hatred and strife.

—♦—

THERE is no dearth of charity in the world in giving; but there is comparatively little exercised in thinking and speaking.

Sir Philip Sidney.

BUTTERFLY.

A LITTLE worm is on the ground;
It creeps, and creeps, and creeps along,
A cocoon spins, in which to creep,
That it may have a place to sleep.
Dear little worm, we 'll say "Good-by"
Till you come out a butterfly.

Oh! there it is! Oh, see it fly!
The lovely, lovely butterfly!—
It spreads its showy wings so bright,
And seeks the joyous air and light.
'T is sipping honey from the flowers!
Dear little butterfly, you 're ours!

Flutter, flutter, flutter on
While the sun is shining;
Gently flit from bower to bower
Joyous little rover; soon the summer will be gone.

BE slow to promise and quick to perform.

THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Sir Philip Sidney.

THREE LITTLE CHICKS.

THREE little chicks, so downy and neat,
Went out in search of something to eat, —
Ter-wit, ter-weet!
Something to eat! —
And soon they picked up a bit of wheat.

Said one little chick, "That belongs to me!"
Said the other chick, "We 'll see, we 'll see!"
"Ter-wit, ter-weet!
It is nice and sweet,"
Said number three; "let us share the treat."

One little chick seized the straw in his bill,
And one was just ready to eat his fill
When the other chick
Stepped up so quick
He had n't a chance for a single pick.

They pulled and they tugged, the downy things;
And, oh, how they flapped their baby wings!
"Ter-wit, ter-weet!
Something to eat!
Just please let go of this bit of wheat!"

Fiercer and fiercer the battle grew,
Until the straw broke right in two;
And the little chicks
Were in a fix,
And sorry enough for their naughty tricks.

For a saucy crow has watched the fight,
And laughs: "Haw, haw! it serves you right!"
So he snatches the prize
From before their eyes,
And over the hills and away he flies.

Butler's Series.

THE OXEN.

THE oxen are such clever beasts,
They 'll drag the plough all day;
They 're very strong and tug along
Great loads of wood or hay.

They feed on grass when green or dry;
Their flesh is beef, for food;
Their lungs are "lights," their stomach "tripe,"
Their skin for leather 's good.

Their hair men use in mortar too, —
Lime, water, sand, and hair
They nicely mix and smoothly fix
For plastering so fair.

For making soap their bones are used;
Their horns for combs we group;
Their feet we boil for "neat's-foot oil,"
Their tails for ox-tail soup.

Their heart-case forms a money-bag;
Their tallow, candles white;

Their intestine, gold-beater's skin,
With which gold-leaf we smite.

Thus every part is useful made.
The same is true of cows, —
Except their ilk gives luscious milk,
Instead of dragging ploughs.

Mrs. E. P. Miller.

HOW THE SHEEP FOUND BO-PEEP.

LITTLE BO-PEEP awoke from her sleep;
Her eyes opened wide and wider,
For she found herself seated on the grass,
With an old sheep standing beside her.

"Little Bo-peep," said the good old sheep,
"How glad I am that we 've found you!
Here we are — rams and sheep and lambs —
All flocking up around you."

"You blessed sheep!" said little Bo-peep,
"I 've been worried to death about you."
"We 've been searching for you," said the good old sheep;
"We would n't go home without you."

Dora Burnside.

NEVER speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

A BABY LAY.

WHAT does the kitten say? — "Mew, mew, mew!"
She shall have some nice milk, warm and new.

Up jumps the dog, and says, "Bow, wow, wow!
I 'm as good as kitty, and I 'm hungry now."

What does the cow say? — "Moo, moo, moo!"
And the pretty little calf tries to say so too.

"Baa," says the little lamb, — "baa, baa, baa!"
What does she mean? — Is she calling her mamma?

The rooster struts around and cries, "Cock-a-doodle-do,"
As if that were just about the only thing he knew.

On the roof, the gentle dove says, "Coo, coo, coo!
Love me, little girls and boys, for I love you."

What does the hen say? — "Cluck, cluck, cluck!"
What does the bird say? — "Peep, peep, peep!"
As early in the morning she rouses us from sleep.

What does our baby say? — "Goo, goo, goo!"
See the loving glances in her eyes so blue;
How we rush to take her at the slightest call!
Oh! the darling baby is the sweetest pet of all.

A BED-TIME SONG.

OPEN the snowy little bed, and put the baby in it;
Lay down her pretty curly head,
She 'll go to sleep in a minute.
Tuck the sheet down round her neck,
And cover the dimples over,
Till she looks like a rose-bud peeping out
From a bed of sweet white clover.

THE COW AND HER CALF.

RED and white, red and white,
Oh, I have seen a funny sight,—
The old red cow with her pretty white calf,
And she was trying to teach him to laugh.

HEARTS, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And do n't forget that two of these
Are "I thank you, sir" and "If you please."

JAILS and state prisons are the complement of schools; as many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former.

Horace Mann.

SWALLOW.

LITTLE GIRL OR BOY.

I 'M very glad to get here; I only came to-day;
I was this very morning a hundred miles away.

SCHOOL.

Oh, what a long, long way to come!
How tired you must be!

SWALLOW.

Oh, no! I 'm fond of going far; it is the best for me.

SCHOOL.

You left us last September;
And, pray, where did you go?

SWALLOW.

I went South for the winter;—
I always do, you know.

SCHOOL.

The South? How do you like it?

SWALLOW.

I like its sunny skies;—
Among the orange-blossoms
I caught the nicest flies;
But when the spring had opened,
I wanted to come back.

SCHOOL.

You 're just the same old swallow —
Your wings are just as black.
Your little last year's nestlings, —
Do tell us how they are.

SWALLOW.

My nestlings are great swallows,
And mated long ago.

SCHOOL.

And will you build this summer,
Among the flowers and leaves?

SWALLOW.

No; I have taken lodgings beneath the stable-eaves;
You 'll hear each night and morning
My twitter in the sky.

SCHOOL.

Your song is always welcome; and now good-by.

SWALLOW.

Good-by.

Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!

Sir Walter Scott.

WELCOME, LITTLE ROBIN.

WELCOME, little Robin,
With the scarlet breast!
In this winter weather
Cold must be your nest.
Hopping o'er the carpet,
Picking up the crumbs—
Robin knows the children
Love him when he comes.

Is the story true, Robin,
You were once so good
To the little orphans
Sleeping in the wood?
Did you see them lying,
Pale and cold and still,
And strew leaves above them
With your little bill?

Whether true or not, Robin,
We are glad to see
How you trust us children—
Walking in so free,
Hopping o'er the carpet,
Picking up the crumbs—
Robin knows the children
Love him when he comes.

And though little Robin
Has no gift of speech,
Yet he can a lesson
To the children teach;—
Still to trust that blessings
Will be richly given,
When they ask their Father
For their bread from heaven.

ROBIN.

ROBIN, Robin, you 've come too soon!
The snow is on the ground.
Robin, Robin, what will you do?
There 's nothing green around.

Dear child, I come a messenger
To tell you of the spring.
The snow will soon be gone away,
And that is why I sing.

Who only joys when skies are fair,
And trees and blossoms grow,
Will never cheer an aching heart
And bid it comfort know.

VALUE a good conscience more than praise.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

THE snow 's on the ground,
And the cold 's in the air;
There is nothing to eat,
And the branches are bare:
Tweet, tweet, tweet!

Open the window,
Kind lady, we pray;
Bestow a few crumbs
Upon us to-day:
Tweet, tweet, tweet!

You 've flannels and furs
To keep yourself warm;
You are not obliged
To be out in the storm:
Tweet, tweet, tweet!

It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.

Horace Bushnell.

Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?

Spenser.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"TO whit, to whit, to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

"Bobolink, bobolink,
Now, what do you think?
Who stole the nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I 'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did not take your nest away."

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I would n't be so mean, I trow.
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take."

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa-aa," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so."

"Cluck, cluck!" said the hen;
"Do n't ask me again!
Why, I have n't a chick
That would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I 'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood!"

Chirr-awhirr, chirr-awhirr!
We 'll make a great stir.
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, For shame!

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so *mean*."
"'T is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How bad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast,
And he felt so full of shame
He did n't like to tell his name.

Lydia M. Child.

NURSERY SONG.

AS I walked over the hill one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say,
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight!"
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft: said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Now I 'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we 'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
She clucked and she scratched and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cosily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep, in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

Mrs. Carter.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

Longfellow.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

"LITTLE sparrow, come here and say
What you 're doing all the day."

"Oh, I fly over hedges and ditches to find
A fat little worm or a fly to my mind;
And I carry it back to my own pretty nest
For the dear little pets that I warm with my breast;
For until I can teach them the way how to fly,
If I did not feed them my darlings would die.
How glad they all are when they see me come home!
And each of them chirps, 'Give me some! give me some!'"

"Little lamb, come here and say
What you 're doing all the day."

"Long enough before you wake
Breakfast I am glad to take
In the meadow, eating up
Daisy, cowslip, buttercup;
Then about the fields I play,
Frisk and scamper all the day.
When I 'm thirsty I can drink
Water at the river's brink;
When at night I go to sleep,
By my mother I must keep:
I am safe enough from cold
At her side within the fold."

"Little bee, come here and say
What you 're doing all the day."

"Oh, every day and all day long,
Among the flowers you hear my song;
I creep in every bud I see,
And all the honey is for me.
I take it to the hive with care,
And give it to my brothers there,
That when the winter-time comes on,
And all the flowers are dead and gone,
And the wild wind is cold and rough,
The busy bees may have enough."

"Little fly, come here and say
What you 're doing all the day."

"Oh, I am a gay and merry fly;
I never do anything — no, not I.
I go where I like, and I stay where I please,
In the heat of the sun or the shade of the trees,
On the window-pane or the cupboard shelf,
And I care for nothing except myself.
I cannot tell, it is very true,
When the winter comes what I mean to do;
And I very much fear, when I 'm getting old,
I shall starve with hunger or die with cold."

Children's Book of Poetry.

A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush.

BIRDS' NESTS.

THE skylark's nest among the grass
And waving corn is found;
The robin's on a shady bank,
With oak-leaves strewed around.

The wren builds in an ivied thorn
Or old and ruined wall;
The mossy nest, so covered in,
You scarce can see at all.

The martins build their nests of clay
In rows beneath the eaves;
The silvery lichens, moss, and hair
The chaffinch interweaves.

The cuckoo makes no nest at all,
But through the wood she strays
Until she finds one snug and warm,
And there her eggs she lays.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,
With feathers warmly lined;
The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,
And often disagree;

The owl will build inside a barn
Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest of grass and mud
In bush and bank is found;
The lapwing's darkly spotted eggs
Are laid upon the ground.

The magpie's nest is made with thorns
In leafless tree or hedge;
The wild-duck and the water-hen
Build by the water's edge.

Birds build their nests from year to year
According to their kind —
Some very neat and beautiful;
Some simpler ones we find.

The habits of each little bird,
And all its patient skill,
Are surely taught by God Himself,
And ordered by His will.

M. S. C.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

BUZZ-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee;
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He 's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He 's making his wax;
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet smelling clover
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;
He never gets lazy:
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first gray light,
Till fading of daylight,
He 's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'T is harder by far
To have nothing to do!

Marian Douglas.

HONEST labor bears a lovely face.

A BIRD PLAY.

LET us all be birds! — Our morning task is done. We are tired of our other plays, and this is the prettiest one. Oh, that will be nicer than a song: we 'll put our books away; we have n't played this for ever so long, so we 'll play it again to-day.

First girl. — I 'll be a little wren, and sing all day till the sun goes down.

Second girl. — I 'll be a crow, and the farmer's corn I 'll pull, and that will let some of the mischief out, for of mischief I am full.

Third girl. — I 'll be a lark, and sing till the break of day.

Fourth girl — I 'll be a hawk, and frighten the lark away.

Fifth girl. — I 'll be an owl, and sit in an old oak-tree.

Sixth girl. — I 'll be a great, proud eagle, and my home shall be the sky.

Boy. — I 'll be a man, for a man knows more than all the birds.

Girls. — If there 's a man among us, we 'd better all fly away, for birds are afraid of men.

SORROWS humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world.

Jean Ingelow.

THE TOAD.

WHAT a curious thing is the little brown toad;
Do come and look at it, pray!
It sits in the grass, and, when we come near,
Just hops along out of our way.

It does not know how to sing, like a bird,
Nor honey to make, like a bee;
'T is not joyous and bright, like a butterfly. —
Oh, say, of what use can it be?

But since God made it, and placed it here,
He must have meant it to stay;
So we will be kind to you, little brown toad,
And you need not hop out of our way.

WHAT THE TOAD SAID.

GOOD-MORNING, dear children! Take care how you tread;
I 'm just getting out of my snug little bed.
I have been sleeping soundly the whole winter through;
Now, this that I tell you is every word true.

You 've had some cold days since I left you last fall;
But I have not felt the cold weather at all.
I dug me a little hole under the ground,
And there I slept sweetly till spring-time came round.

And here I am out again, fresh as a lark.
How everything blinds one, just out from the dark!
The sun is so bright that it dazzles my eyes;
And that's why I wink so while catching the flies.

Now and then come the boys, with a merry "Ho, ho!"
To pelt me with stones — just for mischief, you know.
Then I run to my hole to get out of their sight;
And I hardly can stir, I am in such a fright.

To pelt me with stones is both foolish and wrong,
Since I am so weak, while the boys are so strong;
I eat up the bugs that such mischief would do:
Now, pray, treat me well, for I never harmed *you*.

CATERPILLAR.

I CREEP upon the ground, and the children say,
"You ugly old thing!" and push me away.

CHRYSALIS.

I lie in my bed, and the children say,
"The fellow is dead — we 'll throw him away!"

BUTTERFLY.

At last I awake, and the children try
To make me stay, as I rise and fly.

As step by step the hill we mount;
As one by one we learn to count;
So word by word we learn to spell,
And line by line to read quite well.

BOBBY AND THE TOAD.

BOBBY.

I WANT to go to school,
And he won't let me pass;
I think that a toad
Ought to keep on the grass.
I don't want to cry;
But I 'm afraid I 'm going to.
Oh, dear me!
What am I to do.

TOAD.

Here 's a dreadful thing! —
A boy in the way.
I don't know what to do;
I don't know what to say.
I can't see the reason
Such monsters should be loose;
I 'm trembling all over,
But that is of no use.

BOBBY.

I must go to school!
The bell is going to stop!
That terrible old toad! —
If he only would hop.

TOAD.

I must cross the path;
I can hear my children croak.

I hope that dreadful boy
Will not give me a poke.

A hop and a start,
A flutter and a rush, —
Bobby is at school,
And the toad in his bush.

THAT FOX.

A LITTLE gray fox had a home in the rocks,
And most of his naps and leisure took there;
But, one frosty eve, he decided to leave,
And for a short absence began to prepare.

A letter he wrote, and he brushed up his coat;
And he shook out his tail, which was plumy and fine:
At first break of day he galloped away,
At some distant farm-house intending to dine.

How gay he did look as he frisked to the brook,
And gazed at himself in the water so clear!
He looked with delight at the beautiful sight;
For all was so perfect, from tail-tip to ear!

That noon our gray fox called on good farmer Knox,
Where some of the fattest of poultry was kept;
And, sly as a mouse, lay in wait by the house:
Or, peeping and watching, he stealthily crept.

He felt very sure he would soon secure
A fat little chicken, or turkey, or goose;
And his eyes were as bright as the stars are at night,
As he tried to decide which one he should choose.

From his sharp-pointed nose to the tip of his toes
He was all expectation! — when, suddenly, "Snap!"
With a "click" and a "clack," — and before he could wink,
This smart little fox was caught fast in a trap.

And now that gray fox does not live in the rocks;
And just what his fate was I never have learned;
This only I know — that a long time ago
He left there one morning, and never returned.

SQUIRREL AND ROVER.

CHATTER, chatter!
What 's the matter?
Bun sits on a limb.
Little Rover, in the clover,
Barks and frightens him.
Oh, you funny
Little Bunny!
Do n't so frightened be!
Little Rover, in the clover,
Cannot climb a tree.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE GREEN FROG.

WHEN the clouds above are blue,
Little frog, in his bright green coat,
Comes up the ladder, clearing his throat,
To greet the sun. — "How d 'ye do?"

When the clouds above are drear,
And the rain makes the sun frown,
Little frog on his ladder goes down,
And waits till the sky is clear.

Little frog can sing a tune.
He is proud of his voice, I think;
He sits and sings while his dull eyes blink,
As he serenades the moon.

He likes tender things to eat,
Quick little ants and butterflies. —
He snaps them down, and he shuts his eyes
As if they tasted sweet.

He sports all the summer through.
Don't you think Froggie's life is play?
How will he live on a winter day?
He has no idea. — Have you?

—♦—

GIRD your hearts with silent fortitude,
Suffering, yet hoping all things.

Mrs. Hemans.

SEEKING A COMPANION.

"OH, who 'll come and play with me under the tree?
My sisters have left me alone.
My sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,
And play with me while they are gone."

"Oh, no little lady, I can't come, indeed!
I 've no time to idle away;
I have all my dear little birdies to feed,
And nest to new-cover with hay."

"Pretty bee, do not buzz about over the flowers,
But come here and play with me — do!
The sparrow won't come and stay with me an hour,
But say, pretty bee, will not you?"

"Oh, no, little lady, for do you not see,
Those work who would prosper and thrive?
If I play, they will call me a sad idle bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the hive."

"Stop, stop, little ant! do not run off so fast,
But wait with me a little and play.
I hope I shall find a companion at last; —
You are not so busy as they."

"Oh, no, little lady; I can't stay with you.
We are not to play, but to labor.
I always have something or other to do —
If not for myself, for my neighbor."

"What! have they all some employment but me,
Who lie lounging here like a dunce?
Oh, then, like the ant and the sparrow and bee,
I'll go to my lessons at once."

THEY DID N'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited with a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse, it almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There 's danger; be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other; "I do n't think that you know."
So he walked boldly — nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble, then he took a bite;
Close the trap together snapped as quick as wink,
Catching "mousy" fast there, 'cause he did n't think.

Phœbe Carey

KEEP busy! 'tis better than standing aside
And dreaming, and sighing, and waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle, they only prevail
Who daily march onward and never say fail.

LIFE is but a summer day, if we choose to make it.
Sunshine has been freely given; freely let us take it.
Why sit moody in the shade? Sorrow is but fleeting:
Take immortal life and joy while thy pulse is beating.

THE MOUSE'S INVITATION.

SAID one little mouse to another little mouse,
"Just trip across the hall to my little house;
The maid has left some bread on the shelf,
And I 'm sure there is more than I want myself.
So you walk right in
And we will begin."

Said one little mouse to the other little mouse,
"I 'll trip across the hall to your little house;
But I 'll tell you what, when I get through,
There 'll be no bread on the shelf for you,
So you may just dance
And give me a chance."

Said one little mouse to another little mouse,
"You can just stay away from my little house;
Since you are so greedy, I 'll invite instead
Some other little mouse to share my bread.
Get out of my house,
You greedy little mouse!"

GOOD NATURE, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb.

Ill-nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flowers.

TWO SNOW-WHITE PUSSIES.

NOW, hear me, my child,
While a story I tell
Of two snow-white pussies
That lived in a tree
And knew, without hearing a clock or a bell,
The right time to come
For their breakfast and tea,
They would run bright and early
Across the wet grass,
And stand on their hind feet,
And scratch with their fore,
And tap with their little white paws on the glass,
Or come and cry "mew, mew!"
Both at once, at the door.
In the room that they tried so to enter,
There sat a good little girl, —
But her name I 'll not tell.
When she saw looking at her
Each poor little cat,
Though she could n't help laughing,
She treated them well.
First, a saucer of milk she set down on the mat.
"Mew, mew!" cried the cats,
When they saw what was in it;
Then she opened the door,
And they came pitter-patter,
And their whiskers they dipped in the milk in a minute.
She could not but laugh,

As each quick little tongue
Went lip lap and lip lap,
And so got the milk.
But soon a loud purr both together began,
As she stroked their white fur
With a hand soft as silk.
And now, my dear child,
All my story is told
Of the two snow-white pussies
That lived in a tree,
And knew when to come,
Through the frost and the cold,
To beg at the door
For their breakfast and tea.

MABEL.

QUITE three weeks, and not a shower!
Parched the garden, hot and dry;
Drooping low was every flower.
Little Mable, passing by,
Heard them whisper, "We shall die."

Quick to save them Mabel ran,
Full of pity, full of fear;
Brought in haste her watering can.
Is it fancy? — Does she hear
Grateful whispers, "Thank you, dear"?

PUSS.

COME here, Mistress Puss!
You 're a sad naughty cat,
To sit on my bonnet
And squeeze it so flat.

But I am to blame,
I suppose you will say,
For not having put it,
Puss, out of your way.

And I think that I am;
For mamma told me so
Before she went out,
A few hours ago.

And so, pretty pussy,
Your fault I 'll forgive;
And think of this lesson,
As long as I live, —

Of my bonnet and clothes
To take better care;
And not leave them out
On a table or chair.

LITTLE drops of water brighten the fields;
Little deeds of love brighten the world.

HELPS.

TWO laughing eyes! — What can they see?
Beautiful things that call forth glee.

Two dancing feet! — What can they do?
Run little errands for me and for you.

Two little lips! — What for, I pray?
Words of kindness and love to say.

Two little hands! — What use are they?
To help mamma in many a way.

HARRY'S DOG.

HARRY has a little dog, — such a cunning fellow!
With a very shaggy coat, streaked with white and yellow.

Harry's dog has shining eyes, and a nose so funny!
Harry would n't sell his dog for a mint of money.

Harry's dog will never bark, never bite a stranger,
So he 'd be of no account where there 's any danger.

Harry has a little dog, — such a cunning fellow,
But his dog is *made of wood*, painted white and yellow.

PUSSY AND I.

LITTLE pussy whitey toes,
You funny, wee, wee cat,
I guess I know, and grandpa knows,
Who slept in his new hat.

Oh, you cunning little pet!
Dear grandpa cannot tell
Who crushed his bed of mignonette,
Or how the cactus fell.

Nursie says, "You careless girl,
To break the china vase!
You left my work-box in a whirl,
And tore my pretty lace."

All my pennies from both banks
I paid her for the loss.
Oh, Kit! your merry, roguish pranks
Make nursie look so cross!

Oh, you fatty, puffy ball!
I have to bear the blame;
They do n't suspect you, you 're so small, —
Now, is it not a shame?

THE music that reaches farthest into heaven is that of a loving heart.

JIPPY AND JIMMY.

JIPPY and Jimmy were two little dogs;
They went to sail on some floating logs.
The logs rolled over, the dogs rolled in;
And they got very wet, for their clothes were thin.

Jippy and Jimmy crept out again;
They said: "The river is full of rain!"
They said: "The water is far from dry!
Ky hi! ky hi! ky hi! ky hi!"

Jippy and Jimmy went shivering home;
They said: On the river no more we 'll roam;
And we won 't go to sail until we learn how!
Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow!"

THE ELEPHANT.

THE ivory for our combs
From elephant's tusks is made;
The handles, too, for many a knife,
And for paper-knives the blade.

The elephant knows a friend,
And well remembers, too,
A kindly act, but ne'er forgets
The teasing of a foe.

Mrs. E. P. Miller.

HAPPY ORPHANS.

A HUNDRED little chicks or more,
Downy, soft, and yellow,
Were peeping out their discontent,
In voices far from mellow.

I looked around in wonderment;
No mothers were at hand
To gather 'neath their outstretched wings
The doleful little band.

And, as I gazed, a small wee voice
From one chick seemed to say:
Perhaps you think we like it —
This fine new-fangled way.

But it 's very disagreeable,
For, strange as it may seem,
We never had a mother; —
They hatched us out by steam.

And they call us "Happy Orphans,"
When we 're ready all to weep
For no answering cluck comes back to us
Though we peep, and peep, and peep.

They say it 's scientific,
And I 've no doubt 't is true; —
But I would rather have a mother;
Now, really, would n't you?

MIRACLES.

"AN *egg* a *chicken!* Do n't tell me!
For did n't I break an egg to see?
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,
With a bit of mucilage round it all —
Neither beak nor bill,
Nor toe nor quill;
Not even a feather
To hold it together;
Not a sign of life could any one see.
An egg a chicken? — You can't fool me!

"*An egg a chicken!* Did n't I pick
Up the very shell that had held the chick —
So they said! — and did n't I work half a day
To pack him in where he could n't stay?
Let me try as I please,
With squeeze upon squeeze,
There is scarce space to meet
His head and his feet,
No room for any of the rest of him — so
That egg never held that chicken, I know."

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble, and helped him, as mothers can;
Took an egg from the nest — it was smooth and round:
"Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this sound?"
Faint and low, tap, tap;
Soft and slow, rap, rap;

Sharp and quick,
Like a prisoner's pick.
"Hear it peep inside there?" cried Tom, with a shout;
"How did it get in, and how can it get out?"

Tom was eager to help — *he* could break the shell.
Mamma smiled and said, "All 's well that ends well;
Be patient awhile yet, my boy." Click, click.
And out popped the bill of a dear little chick.
No room had it lacked,
Though snug it was packed;
There it was all complete,
From its head to its feet.
The softest of down, and the brightest of eyes,
And so big — why, the shell was n't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. "Mamma, now I see
That an egg *is* a chicken, though the *how* beats me.
An egg *is n't* a chicken, that I know and declare;
Yet an egg *is* a chicken — see the proof of it there.
Nobody can tell
How it came in that shell;
Once out, all in vain
Would I pack it again.
I think 't is a miracle, mamma mine,
As much as that of the water and wine."

Mamma kissed her boy; it may be that we try
Too much reasoning about things, sometimes, you and I;
There are miracles wrought every day for our eyes
That we see without seeing, or feeling surprise;
And often we must
Even take on trust

What we cannot explain
Very well again.
But from the flower to the seed, from the seed to the flower,
'T is a world of miracles every hour.

HOW LADY BUTTERFLY SPENT THE DAY.

"PRETTY Lady Butterfly, where have you been?
Why, all the day long you have hardly been seen;
The sunlight was charming — then, where did you hide?
I 've looked for your pretty wings both far and wide."

"I 've been, Lady Prettyface, peeping at you.
From flowers in your garden, both red, white, and blue.
At last it was tiring, this game at bo-beep;
So I crept in a blossom and fell fast asleep."

IF a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it 's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

HE who conquers self is the greatest victor.

SILENCE sometimes speaks more than words.

IDLE HANDS MAKE SAD HEARTS.

YOU little bee,
Come play with me,
The sunshine 's warm and clear.
You need not fear
The cold severe ;
The winter is not near.

My little maid,
I can't be stayed !
I must not lose to-day,
For time, you see,
Won't wait for me,
But sweeps the flowers away.

BECAUSE HE DID N'T THINK.

ONCE a little turkey, fond of her own way,
Would n't ask the old ones where to go or stay.
She said : " I 'm not a baby ; here I am half grown ;
Surely, I am big enough to run around alone ! "
Off she went ; but somebody, hiding, saw her pass ;
Soon like snow her feathers covered all the grass ;
So she made a supper for a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong that she would n't think.

Once there was a robin, lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside and hop upon the floor.

"No, no," said the mother; "you must stay with me!
Little birds are safest sitting in a tree!"
"I don't care," said robin, and gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him before he'd time
to think.
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry; but I didn't think."

Now, my little children, you who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble comes of thinking wrong?
Can't you take a warning from their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking when it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety, don't suppose you
know more
Than anybody knows who has gone before.
But when you're warned of ruin, pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

Phœbe Carey.

BUILD a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving works,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear whate'er may come,
If joy or sorrow.

WHO never tries can never win.

WE ARE BUILDERS.

WE are builders, and each one
Should cut and carve the best he can.
Every life is but a stone,
Every one shall hew his own.
Make or mar shall every man.

SEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS.

SEVEN little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go. *Oh, do!* for *good* we 'll surely be.
We 'll wear our bibs and hold our things
As you have shown us how,—
Spoons in *right* paws, *cups* in *left*,—
And make a pretty bow;
We 'll always say, 'Yes, if you please!'
And 'Only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy mother-cat.

The seven little pussy-cats went on that night to tea;
Their heads were smooth and glossy,
Their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned,
And *tried* to be *polite*.
With snowy bibs beneath their chins,

They were a pretty sight.
But, alas for manners beautiful,
And coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits
Were asked to take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow,
And, oh! what do you think!
They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a "meouw" for more,
Then knocked the tea-cup over, and scampered through the door.

Joel Stacy.

TADPOLE.

TADPOLE and pollywog
Lived together in a bog;
Here you see the very pool
Where they went to swimming-school.
By and by (it 's true, but strange),
O'er them comes a wondrous change;
Here you have them on a log,
Each a most decided frog.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.

Dryden.

Idleness is the parent of want and shame.

THE CAMELS.

THE camels live in desert lands;
Their feet are made to walk on sands;
They carry burdens far and near,
Where neither grass nor trees appear;

Where there 's no rain, no rivers, brooks,
No water anywhere for folks;
But God has made in camel's chest,
Peculiar sacs, for He knew best

What they must do, and that they 'd die,
If He did not their drink supply.
Before they start they drink and drink,
Till every sac is full, I think;

And at the mouth of every sac,
A muscle strong, but loose and slack,
Will tighten up when it is filled,
So that no drink can e'er be spilled.

And when on journey, last or first,
The camel wants to slake his thirst,
A bag-string loosens, and outpours
Enough to satisfy for hours.

The laden camels, in a row,
Are called a caravan, you know;
Sometimes a caravan is lost,
Being buried deep in sand and dust.

A storm of wind, a simoon named,
Will sweep across the desert sand,
When camels, men, and every one,
Must throw themselves their knees upon,

And bury faces in the earth,
For thus alone they save their breath;
A fearful thing, but 't is the best
That they can do. — Now, hear the rest.

Sometimes they 're buried deep, and find
When they dig out they 're almost blind
And cannot tell which way to go,
And thus are lost — a serious woe!

Sometimes when lost, the drink for men
Gets short — is gone; they thirst, and then
They kill a camel just for lack
Of what he carries in his sac.

In deserts bare and bleak and drear,
The sun shines hot through all the year;
But many an oasis is found,
Or spot where grass and trees abound.

And here is drink, and here they rest,
And take their fill of what is best;
Then travel on in thankful mood,
With song and shout: "Allah is good!"

An honest endeavor is worth ten promises.

WHO'S THE ROGUE?

A ROGUISH old fellow is prowling about
In field and in garden: you can't keep him out.
No matter how tall
You build up your wall,
He 'll find a way over in spite of it all.

On the glass of the window his pictures you 'll see,
A grand exhibition (admission is free);
He works hard at night
While the stars glitter bright;
But when the sun rises he keeps out of sight.

He 'll sketch you a snow-covered mountain or tree,
A torrent all frozen, a ship out at sea.
He draws very fast,
But his work does not last;
It fades when the chill of the night-time is past.

Before the sun rises, while hardly 't is light,
He feels of the fruit, and takes a sly bite;
He has a fine taste,
Though a great deal he 'll waste,
Then off he will go in very great haste.

Now, who do you think this old fellow may be,
The bright sparkling work of whose fingers we see?
All winter he 'll stay,
What more shall I say?
Only this, that his first name begins with a J.

WINTER'S COMING.

GO bring the sled
From out the shed,
Hunt up your mittens, boys;
For well I know
There 'll soon be snow,
And then for winter joys!

We 'll build a fort;
Oh, boys, what sport!
So pile the snow-walls high!
We 'll have a fight
With bullets white —
Ah, *won't* the snowballs fly!

Hurrah! my chums!
The snow-storm comes,
Ah, now 's the time for fun!
The flakes fall fast,
It *snows* at last,
The winter is begun.

Oh, oh, oh, oh!
Just see the snow,
The ground is almost white!
To-morrow, boys,
For fun and noise!
I hope 't will snow all night.

WINTER.

OLD Winter is coming; alack! alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He 's wrapped to his heels in a snowy white sack;
The trees he has laden till ready to crack;
He whistles his trills with wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree.

A funny old fellow is Winter, I trow,
A merry old fellow for glee;
He paints all the noses a beautiful hue;
He counts all our fingers and pinches them too;
Our toes he gets hold of through stocking and shoe,
For a funny old fellow is he.

Old Winter 's a rough old chap to some,
As rough as ever you 'll see.
"I wither the flowers wherever I come,
I quiet the brook that went laughing along,
I drive all the birds off to find a new home;
I 'm as rough as rough can be."

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say —
A cunning old fellow is he;
He peeps in the crevices day by day
To see how we 're passing our time away,
And mark all our doings, from sober to gay;
I 'm afraid he 's peeping at me.

JACK FROST.

JACK FROST is a roguish little fellow.
When the wintry winds begin to bellow,
He flies like a little bird through the air,
And steals through the little cracks everywhere.
He nips little children on the nose,
He pinches little children on the toes,
He pulls little children by the ears,
He draws from their eyes the big round tears.
He makes little girls cry oh, oh, oh!
He makes little boys say ho, ho, ho!
But when we kindle up a good fire,
Then Jack Frost is compelled to retire;
So up the chimney skips the roguish boy,
And all the little children jump for joy.

PRICELESS gem, the pearl of Truth!
Brightest ornament of youth!
Seek to wear it in thy crown;
Then, if all the world should frown,
Thou hast won a glorious prize,
That will guide thee to the skies.

BELEIVE not each accusing tongue,
As most weak people do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.

R. B. Sheridan.

OLD WINTER.

OLD Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he 's made of;
His flesh is firm as iron stone, —
There 's nothing he 's afraid of.
He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor to warm it lingers;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth
Or chilblains on his fingers;
Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire and hates the spring,
And all that 's warm and cosey.
But where the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake or river;
When round the fire the people crowd
And rub their hands and shiver;
When frost is splitting stone and wall
And trees come crashing after,
That hates he not; he loves it all,
Then bursts he out in laughter. Ha, ha! etc.

WORK makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the better
When we have labored so long.

JACK FROST.

JACK FROST, he is with us again;
He comes every winter, you know;
But we 're hardy and bold,
And we do n't mind the cold,
And we welcome the ice and the snow.

Jack Frost plays a rough sort of game
With the children wherever he goes;
He pinches their cheeks;
Their noses he tweaks;
And he treads on their ten little toes.

Jack Frost makes the ground rather hard,
But with thick boots we clatter about;
And we run till our breath
Puffs away like a wreath
Of white steam from the teakettle's spout.

Jack Frost lays his hand on the pond,
And turns it to glittering ice;
Then the skaters they glide,
And the sliders they slide;
Think of that, Charley, is n't it nice?

Jack Frost, he is sure to be found
Where the sleigh-bells are tinkling clear;
As the horses, so strong,
Canter gayly along,
While the lads give a shout and a cheer.

Jack Frost, then, you 're welcome again ;
Of pleasures you bring us a store ; —
But be mild as you can,
Oh, you fierce little man !
When you visit the feeble and poor.

THE FALLING SNOW.

OH, see ! the snow is falling now ;
It powders all the trees.
Its flakes abound, and all around
They float upon the breeze.

'T is snowing fast and cold the blast ;
But yet I hope 't will stay.
Oh, see it blow, the falling snow,
In shadows far away.

Jack Frost is here ! We feel him near ;
He 's on his icy sled.
And covered deep the flowers sleep,
Beneath their snowy bed.

Come out and play this wintry day,
Amidst the falling snow !
Come young and old ! fear not the cold
Nor howling winds that blow.

THE SNOW-BALL.

THE sky is speckled with the snow, —
Keep the ball a-rolling!
Up and down the hill we go, —
Keep the ball a-rolling!
Small at first; but how it grows!
What care we for purple nose,
Ruby fingers, tingling toes!
Keep the ball a-rolling!

Trees are in their downy beds, —
Keep the ball a-rolling!
Blankets wrapped around their heads, —
Keep the ball a-rolling!
All together, with a will,
Up the lane, and down the hill;
We are merry snow-birds still; —
Keep the ball a-rolling!

Giants make these, one by one, —
Keep the ball a-rolling!
Where they snow-ball just for fun, —
Keep the ball a-rolling!
From a single flake it grew;
Hour by hour, so fair and true,
Grow the good deeds that we do, —
Keep the ball a-rolling!

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

ONE Christmas eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse,
"I thought you would n't mind

"If I should stay awake to-night
And watch you for a while."
"You 're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink; —
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There was n't left a chink.

"Now, they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mousie's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It 's not polite to contradict, —
Your pardon I implore, —
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa; "silly mouse,
Do n't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I 've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gayly spoke,
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

THE excesses of our youth are draughts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

John Cotton.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

CHRISTMAS morning, and broad daylight!
Who do you think was here last night,
Bundled in furs from top to toe?
I won't tell, for I think you know.

Who was it came from cold Snowland,
Driving gayly his eight in hand,
Sleigh piled up with wonderful toys?
Who was it? — Tell me, girls and boys.

Who was it down the chimney crept
While everybody soundly slept,
Filled the stockings, and tapped them all
With "Merry Christmas, one and all."

Who went back 'neath the bright starlight,
Reindeer scampering with all their might?
I won't tell, for it 's very clear,
If you are good, he 'll come next year.

—♦—

SUSPICION always haunts the guilty mind.

Shakspeare.

—♦—

A HAPPY temper, like the Æolian harp, sings to every breeze.

JOLLY OLD ST. NICHOLAS.

JOLLY old St. Nicholas, lean your ear this way,
Don't you tell a single soul what I 'm going to say.
Christmas eve is coming soon. Now, you dear old man,
Whisper what you 'll bring to me; tell me, if you can.
When the clock is striking twelve, when I 'm fast asleep,
Down the chimney, broad and black, with your pack you 'll creep;
All the stockings you will find hanging in a row; —
Mine will be the shortest one, — you 'll be sure to know.
Johnny wants a pair of skates, Susie wants a dolly,
Nelly wants a story-book, — she thinks dolls are folly;
As for me, my little brain is n't very bright; —
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus, what you think is right.

OLD SANTA CLAUS.

CHRISTMAS time is drawing near!
Old Santa Claus will soon be here,
And then, oh, my! won't we have fun,
Sisters and brothers, every one!
A pretty Christmas tree he 'll bring, —
Around its sparkling light we 'll sing, —
And on its branches he will place
A toy to gladden each young face.

Tops and marbles, books and balls,
Cradles, dishes, chairs and dolls, —
Everything you 'd wish to see.
Oh, my! how happy we will be!
Down the chimney he will slide,
And to each stocking softly glide,
And stuff it full from toe to heel,
Oh, my! how jolly we will feel.

But if we should not shut our eyes,
Should stay awake with pouts and cries,
He 'd run away as quick, — as quick, —
And we might cry till we were sick; —
Though if we promised to be good,
And not to quarrel nor be rude,
Why, then we know that he will bring
To each of us some pretty thing.

And when to say our prayers we kneel,
We 'll ask that Santa Claus may feel
Sorry for little girls and boys
To whom he 's never taken toys;
That he 'll remember not to pass
By any little lad or lass;
But if *he* should forget the poor,
Then *we* must think of them the more.

—♦—

Speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall.

O. W. Holmes.

KITTIE TO SANTA CLAUS.

JOLLY old Kriss, what a fellow you are,
Riding all over the world in the air,
Sliding down chimneys through ashes and smoke
Fur-covered Kriss, you 're a regular joke.

How do you manage to carry such loads?
How do you manage to keep the right roads?
How do you know all the good girls and boys?
Why do n't we wake with your clatter and noise?

How can you guess what we would all like best?
How can you please all the birds in the nest?
What are you doing the rest of the year?
Sleeping, I s'pose, with your little reindeer.

Oh, how I 'd like to know true if you look
Jolly and fat like the one in the book.
I 'd keep awake, but I know that you stay,
When children are watching, quite out of the way.

Kriss, when to-night you come round with a whirl,
Do n't forget Bessie, the washwoman's girl;
Bring something pretty, for last year, you know, —
That was a chimney where Kriss did n't go.

How does it happen you like the rich best,
Giving them much and forgetting the rest?
Kriss, that's all wrong, and it is n't the way;
All should be equal on Santa Claus' day.

Kriss, good old Kriss, I'm afraid you 'll be mad;
I was just joking. Do n't put *me* down bad.
If Bessie's ma's chimney is crooked and small,
Never mind going to Bessie's at all.

Bring up her playthings and put them with mine,
Wrapped with a separate paper and twine;
Soon as it 's day, poor sick Bessie I 'll see,
And give her the package you leave here with me.

TREE-TOP TROUBLE.

DO you think, little sorrowful lady,
That no one has trouble but you?
When you wish to be gay as a robin,
Remember we robins get blue.

Are n't there blood-thirsty cats to appall us
With fearful and terrible stare?
So a mother-bird never is happy,
Nor free from solicitous care.

Why, the mischievous boys of the village,
I think, will unsettle my brain;
Where they threaten to torture and pillage,
Regardless of protest or pain.

And, then, Mr. Robin is careless;
He does n't stay at home as he should.
And if I reproach him, he whistles,
And flies to his club in the wood.

The nest, though I love it so dearly,
Holds trouble and turmoil and sin;
For Jack, greedy bird, is the strongest,
And grasps the supply I bring in.

While poor little Dick, thin and hungry,
Feels slighted because he is small;
And Scrawny is always protesting
I give him no dinner at all.

There was Sweetie, who fell in the fountain
Out-looking for me from the nest, —
It seems to me always that Sweetie
Was dearest and brightest and best.

So you see, little sorrowful lady,
That even the birds of the air
Cannot fly from the ills that beset them,
Nor flutter through life without care.

There is sorrow for women and robins,
In tree-top and wide dwelling too,
But I know of a country that 's better
To seek in the autumn; do you?

If we plant hate, then hate will spring;
For love from hate can never grow;
What we sow to-day, to-morrow may bring
The proof, by its bloom, what sort of a thing
Is the seed — the seed that we sow.

SUMMER.

THE pretty flowers have come again,
The roses and the daisies;
And from the trees, oh, hear how plain
The birds are singing praises!

How charming now our walks will be
By meadows full of clover,
Through shady lanes, where we can see
The branches bending over!

The air is sweet, the sky is blue,
The woods with songs are ringing;
And I 'm so happy, that I too
Can hardly keep from singing.

SOME PLAY IS GOOD.

SOME play is good to make us strong,
And school to make us wise;
But always play is very wrong
And what we should despise.

There 's nothing worse than idleness
For making children bad.
'T is sure to lead them to distress
And much that 's very sad.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

DAISY.

INNOCENCE charms in a world of sin.

ROSE.

Beauty of soul we should seek to win.

LILY.

Purity blossoms fair and white.

VIOLET.

Modesty blushes and hides from sight.

PINK.

The pink is so happy it seeks for the light.

ALL.

We are flowers of hearts and of households,
Springing up in affection's sod;
We are blooming below, but fitting to bloom
Above, in the garden of God.

SPRING–TIME.

SPRING–TIME is coming! search for the flowers!
Brush off the brown leaves, the darlings are here!
Joy of the spring-hours, picking the May-flowers!
Kiss the spring beauties, the babes of the year!

MOSS-ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
And whispered to the rose : —
" O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
Ask what thou wilt, — 't is granted thee."
" Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
" On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought, —
'T was but a moment, — o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

LIKE the sun, our feelings glowing
Clothe these happy hours in light ;
Like the sun, when we are going
Let us leave a radiance bright.

THE patient child, whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by and by.

THE HEART-FLOWER.

THERE grew a little flower once,
That blossomed in a day,
And some said it would ever bloom,
And some 't would fade away;
And some said it was Happiness,
And some said it was Spring,
And some said it was Grief and Tears,
And many such a thing;
But still the little flower bloomed,
And still it lived and throve,
And *men* do call it "Summer Growth,'
But *angels* call it "Love!"

Thomas Hood.

THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT FLOWERS.

OH! they look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours;
And dear as the smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers.
They tell us of wanderings by wood and streams,
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these,—
The bright, bright flowers.

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers at every spot
Burst forth at the call of God,
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven
And blessed what he had made, —
The bright, bright flowers.

DANDELION.

DANDELION, dandelion,
Where 's your cap of gold?
Where 's the jacket green and trim
That you wore of old?
Then you nodded to the birds
In a jaunty way,
And you danced to every tune
The breeze could play.

Dandelion, dandelion,
Age comes creeping on,
And your wig is snowy white, —
Golden locks are gone;
But you 've had a merry time
Since you began,
And even now you are a cheery
Blithe old man.

DEPARTURE OF THE FLOWERS.

WHERE are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the tall sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland glade, and glen.

W. C. Bryant.

—♦—

OH, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Shakspeare.

—♦—

THE characteristic of heroism is its persistency.

R. W. Emerson.

MIGNONETTE.

THE mignonette is my favorite flower;
Its fragrance makes each passing hour
Seem sweeter to me than any other.
I love to think this plant so small
Should give such grateful joy to all.

If this is done by a little flower,
A child should surely do much more;
Therefore I 'll try to never forget
The lesson taught by my mignonette.

DANDELION.

THERE 'S a dandy little fellow
Who dresses all in yellow, —
In yellow, with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the spring-time bright and early,
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.
Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,

He wanders o'er the hill-side, down the road;
Around his yellow feather,
The gipsy fire-flies camp;
His companions are the wood-lark and the toad.

Spic and spandy, little dandy,
Golden dancer in the dell!
Green and yellow, happy fellow,
All the little children love him well!

But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green; —
For he very old is growing,
And, with hair all white and flowing,
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
The little winds of morning
Come a-flying through the grass,

And clap their hands around him in their glee;
They shake him without warning;
His wig falls off, alas!
And a little bald-head dandy now is he.
Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair flowing,
Poor little bald-head dandy now is he!

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others.

Chesterfield.

He that lives upon hopes will die fasting.

THE SWEET RED ROSE.

"GOOD-MORROW, little rose-bush!
Now, prithee, tell me true,
To be as sweet as a sweet red rose
What must a body do?"

"To be as sweet as a sweet red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows and grows and grows and grows—
And that's what she must do."

WILD-ROSE TREE.

ON the wild-rose tree many buds there be;
Yet each sunny hour has but one perfect flower.
Thou who wouldst be wise, open wide thine eyes;
In each sunny hour pluck the perfect flower.

A MAN'S house is his castle.

A GOOD name will shine forever.

MAKE hay while the sun shines.

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

PANSY.

I AM a pansy, or lady's delight.
My cheeks are like roses,
My garments are bright;
I am a little floweret,
And everybody's favorite.

VIOLET.

I am a little violet small,
A blue-eyed flower so loved by all;
I like best to grow in the shade,
A modest, sweet little maid.

DAISY.

Everybody calls me Daisy,
I do n't know exactly why,
I 'm sure I could not be as lovely,
Nor quite as pretty, if I try;
She seems to be made to please and to charm;
I too want to please, and not do any harm.

FUSCHIA.

Fair fuchsia, graceful and tall,
In form and in color so perfect,
You need no fragrance at all
To heighten your charming effect.
How much of enjoyment is given by flowers!
Far brighter than jewels they shine;
Their presence sheds light on life's darkest hours —
May their sweet mission be mine.

WILD-FLOWERS.

Ye wild-flowers; the gardens eclipse you, 't is true,
Yet, treasures of nature, I glory in you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when the daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight
Like treasures of silver and gold.

ALL.

Would you ever think we five little girls
Make up a bouquet of flowers
More highly prized in the garden of home
Than those in the loveliest bowers?

DAISY.

I 'M a pretty little thing,
Always coming in the spring.
In the meadows green I 'm found,
Peeping just above the ground;
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.
Little maiden, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Step aside, and do not tread
On my meek and lowly head,
For I always seem to say
Chilly winter 's gone away.

CALLING THE FLOWERS.

SWEET Lady Pea, fly hither to me!
Light and white are your wings, I see.

Golden-Rod, touch me, I pray you, over
The thousand heads of the low, sweet clover.

Snap-dragon, quick! There 's a "bee in your bonnet!"
Pinch him and send him off thinking upon it.

Lily-bell, whisper and tell me true, —
What was the humming-bird saying to you?

Poppy, flaunting your silken dress,
You 'll yet wear a seedy cap, I guess.

Buttercup, bring your gold saucers to me;
Here are two butterflies coming to tea.

Daisy, Daisy, look over this way!
Why do you stare at the sun all day?

Pansy, what are you laughing about?
"Born to the purple" were you, no doubt.

But Violet sweet! O Violet sweet!
Fairer are you at the Pansy's feet.

Mary A. Lathbury.

LADY FLORA.

WHAT will my fair lady wear on her head
When the weather's unpleasant and colds are a dread?
Monks-*hood.*

If she would wear it with comfort and ease,
What will she fasten it with, if you please?
Bachelor's-*button.*

What will she wear on her slender white hand
When she walks in the garden or views the land?
Fox-*glove.*

And what will she put on her two tiny feet,
To fill out her trousseau and make her look neat?
Lady-*slippers.*

Who is it walks near her in country or town,
To see that she always looks modestly down?
Snap-*dragon.*

Of whom is she thinking, both morn, noon, and night,
When the dignified snap-dragon's out of her sight?
Sweet-*william.*

And what does he whisper, whenever they part,
As he looks in her eyes, with his hand on his heart?
Forget-me-not.

What preacher will marry them some happy day,
When my lady 's of age and has her own way ?
Jack-in-the-pulpit.

Now, tell me what wish we will make for them, please,
That their lives may abound in contentment and ease ?
Everlasting.

Ione L. Jones.

SOW IN FAITH.

SOW the good seed another after thee
Shall reap. Hast thou not garnered many fruits
Of other's sowing, whom thou knowest not ?

WITH malice toward none, with charity for all.

Lincoln.

TIME to me this truth has taught
('T is a treasure worth revealing),
More offend from want of thought
Than from want of feeling.

Charles Swain.

ENVY wounds herself in aiming at others.

DAISY NURSES.

THE daisies white are nursery-maids,
With frills upon their caps;
And daisy-buds are little babes
They tend upon their laps.
Sing "Heigh-ho!" while the wind sweeps low
Both nurses and babies are nodding just so.

The daisy babies never cry,
The nurses never scold;
They never crush the dainty frills
About their cheeks of gold,
But prim and white, in gay sunlight,
They 're nid-nid nodding! oh, pretty sight!

The daisies love the golden sun
Up in the clear blue sky;
He gazes kindly down at them,
And winks his jolly eye,
While soft and slow, all in a row,
Both nurses and babies are nodding just so.

Treasure-Trove.

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

GOD made a little flower
And painted it all blue,
And down amongst the clover
It grew and grew and grew.

Each day it grew and brightened,
And looked so pretty there,
It seemed a sin to pluck it—
A flower so bright and fair.

At last it drooped and withered;
It looked no longer gay;
It once bloomed out so beauteous,
But now it passed away.

Ah! we too soon must wither,
We too must pass away.
Although we 're bright and happy,
We cannot always stay.

Then, let us work each moment,
And do some good each day,
So that we 'll be remembered
When we have passed away.

Luther Tibbits.

VIOLETS.

SWEET little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold!
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

E. P. Miller.

CHARM always strikes the sight; but merit wins the soul.

BUTTERCUP.

THEY call me little Buttercup,
And I can tell you why;—
I never played in "Pinafore";
I 'm only three feet high;—
My papa on the railroad works
From morn till sunset glow,
And we carry him his dinner—
Carlo and I, you know.

And this is how it happened,
One sunny summer day:
Mamma handed me the basket,
And I hastened on my way,
But just as I had clambered
The mossy meadow bars
I saw a field all sprinkled
With a shower of golden stars.

Straightway I dropped my basket,
And, busy as a bee,
I made a wreath for Carlo,
And another one for me,
While Papa, growing weary
At his lass's long delay,
Thought he would come across the fields
And meet her on the way.

With Carlo close beside me,
A faithful watch to keep,

There, all among the Buttercups,
He found me fast asleep,
While the west wind through the flowers
Whispered soft a lullaby;
Since then they 've called me Buttercup,
And that 's the reason why.

THE WATER LILY.

EVENING.

BY day a flower, by night a bud,
Her pure soul rocked in dreamy calms,
The lily slept upon the flood
Her nun-like sleep with folded palms.

MORNING.

Last evening's bud laughs on the flood,
A perfect flower of purest white;
And life is but a folded bud
That still awaits the morning light.

Trowbridge.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

Longfellow.

GOOD examples are very convincing teachers.

WAITING TO GROW.

LITTLE white snow-drops, just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup!
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

And think what hosts of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender, brown fingers about
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month, or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door,
Listen and watch and wait below,
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, and hidden so well,
That God will not find it, and presently tell
His sun where to shine and his rain where to go,
Helping them grow!

JUSTICE should ever be tempered with mercy

WILLOW AND ALDER.

SEE! pretty Pussy Willow,
In ermine mantle clad,
Is strolling by the river
To make the Alders glad,
For all her yellow tresses
In sunlight gleam with gold;
The breezes gently toss them
In many a lustrous fold.

These are my several darlings, —
This ever wedded pair;
My lad with silken raiment,
His lass with golden hair;
With merry words I greet them,
While bluebirds sing amain, —
"The sweet south-wind is blowing,
And spring has come again."

W. W. Bailey.

OLD OAK.

A LITTLE of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me —
That the world's blast may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk, below,
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Lowell.

PUSSY WILLOW.

OH, you pussy willow! Pretty little thing,
Coming with the sunshine of the early spring!
Tell me, tell me, pussy, for I want to know,
Where it is you come from, how it is you grow!

Now, my little girlie, if you 'll look at me
And my little sisters, I am sure you 'll see
Tiny, tiny houses out of which we peep
When we first are waking from our winter's sleep.

This is where we come from. How it is we grow,
I will try, my girlie, now to let you know;
As the days grow milder, out we put our heads,
And we lightly move us in our little beds —
Find the world so lovely, as we look about,
That we each day move a little farther out;
And when warmer breezes of the spring-time blow,
Then we little pussies all to catkins grow.

—•—

GET up, little sister; the morning is bright,
The birds are all singing to welcome the light,
The buds are all opening. The dew 's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch, see! there falls quite a shower.

—•—

LOOK before you leap.

THE WILLOW.

O WILLOW, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree;
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

Elizabeth A. Allen.

ROSEBUD.

A DEAR little "rosebud red" am I,
And I shall be a rose by and by;
Then, as I 'm named for this sweet flower;
May I grow lovelier every hour.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare.

LABOR, though at first inflicted as a curse, seems to be the gentlest of all punishments, and is fruitful of a thousand blessings.

THE OAK.

A GLORIOUS tree is the old gray oak;
He has stood for a thousand years —
Has stood and frowned
On the trees around,
Like a king among his peers;
As around their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees round him stand, arrayed
In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower
Through sun and shower,
And dared the winds to battle;
He has heard the hail,
As from plates of mail,
From his own limbs shaken, rattle;
He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops
(When the storm has roused his might)
Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
The heads of his foes in fight.

—•—

BEAUTIFUL faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there, —
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble, good, and true,
Busy with them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
They walk the pathways, sweet and pure,
That lead to the mansion strong and sure.

THE BREATH O' LIFE.

OUR lungs are formed of curious cells,
And tubes to draw in air,
And if we breathe quite deep and full,
And take our needful share,
'T will keep our blood so red and pure,
Our health so firm and true,
We scarce shall know what suffering means,
But joyous feel and new.

But if we wear our clothing tight,
The little cells will close,
And then they cannot do their work,
And thus our health we lose ; —
Or if we breathe the air impure,
'T will give us tainted blood,
While plenty, pure, sun-ripened air
Will make us glad and good.

Mrs. E. P. Miller.

PARTS OF THE BODY.

ALL this is my body,
From my *head* to my *toes*
Made of *skin*, *bone*, and *muscle*,
As every one knows.

At the top is my *head*,
With its covering of *hair*,
Which we all will remember
To brush with great care.

Here in front is my *face*,
Which must always look bright,
For a frown or a pout
Would disfigure it quite.

It has *forehead* and *temples*,
Two bright *eyes* and a *nose*,
Brows, *eyelids*, and *lashes*,
You 'd not forget those!

My *nose* has a *bridge*,
And two *nostrils* besides,
While here are my *ears*,
Which are placed at the sides.

Right and *left* are my *cheeks*,
With a dimple let in;
See my bright smiling *mouth*,
And my wee little *chin*.

And my *mouth* has two *lips*,
As you very well know,
With a little pink *tongue*, —
Pearly *teeth* in a row.

All I *hear* and I *see*,
With my *ears* and my *eyes*,
Will help me, each day,
To grow learned and wise.

My *mouth* and my *nose*
Must do their work as well;
For how without these
Could I *talk*, *eat*, or *smell*.

II.

To the *right*, to the *left*,
Now *up* and now *down*,
My *neck* bends my *head*,
Or lets it *turn* round.

The *largest* part here
Is the *trunk*, as you see,
Which always reminds me
I am built like a tree.

For here are the *limbs*,
Both *upper* and *lower*,
Right and *left* of each kind;
I would hardly need more.

Then, the *fingers* and *toes*,
Spreading out like the twigs;
I have ten of each kind,
Though they 're not very big.

In the *trunk*, at the left,
Hear my *heart* pit, pit, pat;
If I 'm *waking* or *sleeping*,
It always does that.

Watch my *lungs!* How they swell
When I breathe long and deep;
My *chest* rises and falls
Even when I 'm asleep.

III.

Of this wonderful body
We all can tell
My *shoulders*, my *elbows*,
My *wrist-joints*, as well, —

These help me to move
And to bend as I please;
Whatever I wish
I can do with ease.

Just look at my *fingers!*
I can move one and all;
How bad it would be
Were I stiff like a doll!

Back to *back*, *palm* to *palm*
My *hands* I can lay;
They are useful to me
In my *work*, in my *play*.

IV.

Three parts has each limb,
Arm, *forearm*, and *hand;*
Also, *thigh*, *leg*, and *foot*, —
On the latter I stand.

Now the *elbow* unites
Arm and *forearm*, you see,
While the *thigh* and the *leg*
Are joined by the *knee*.

Just between *foot* and *leg*
The *ankle* is found;
Both *this* and the *wrist*
Are slender and round.

I must not forget
One more fact to tell:
Besides *ankle* and *knee*,
I have *hip-joints* as well.

My *foot* has an *instep*,
A broad-spreading *sole;*
While five *toes* and a *heel*
Just make up the whole.

For standing, for walking,
For running with speed,
My feet do my bidding
And go where I need.

Much more might I tell
Of this body of mine,
If I only might take
A little more time.

But let me remember,
God meant me to make
A strong man or woman,
Should I proper care take.

THE HEART AND THE BLOOD.

WHAT beating is this that I feel in my breast?
A wonderful engine that never must rest.

But what is it doing, all night and all day?
Why, sending your life-blood along on its way.

And why must our blood always be on the go?
Your flesh and your bones must be nourished, you know.

How can the blood travel to head, hands, and feet?
Three lines of canals make its journey complete.

Which way does it go, and how does it start?
An artery takes it, left side of the heart.

How far does it take it, and where does it change?
All over the body the arteries range.

Oh! — what is the use, then, of more than one line?
The arteries end in small vessels *so* fine.

But how does the blood ever find its way back?
The veins take it then, so it can't lose its track.

And, when it gets back, does the heart let it in?
Yes, on the right side, where its walls are quite thin.

You said that it started round on the left side?
Before it gets there, we must have it re-dyed.

Why? — Can the blood really get faded and pale?
Not that; it is dark-colored, worn-out, and stale.

Then, how can the heart ever make it bright red?
The heart can't do that; but the lungs must, instead.

Well, then is the work of the heart at an end?
No, the blood to the lungs the heart now must send.

And what is done to it when once it gets there?
In the lungs' little cells it takes in the fresh air.

And when that is over?
Then back to the heart,
And out the left side again
With a fresh start!

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

TEN true friends you have
Who, five in a row,
Upon either side of you,
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry
They take care you are fed.

They wake up your dolly
And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes.

They buckle your skate-straps,
And haul at your sled;
Are in summer quite white
And in winter quite red.

And these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease;
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants
So trusty and true,
Pray, who would be lazy
Or idle — would you?

Would you find out the name
Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
On each little hand.

TEMPERANCE.

SOME people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help this temperance thunder
Roll all the big world through;
I 'd have them look behind them
When they were small, and then
I 'd just like to remind them
That little boys make men!
The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hour, —
'T is just the same with me.
I 'm small, but I 'm growing
As quickly as I can:
And a temp'rance boy like me is bound
To make a temp'rance man.

BE not afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it.

Guizot.

DESPATCH is the soul of business.

Chesterfield.

BONES IN THE HUMAN BODY.

HOW many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I 've often said.
How many bones in the human face?
Eight, my child, when they 're all in place.
How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.
How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs and two of the rest.
How many bones the shoulder bind?
One before and one behind.
How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one, two in each forearm.
How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight, my child, if none are missed.
How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.
How many bones in the fingers ten?
Three in each, and by joints they bend.
How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.
How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.
How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the knee-pan, please.
How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each, you can plainly see.
How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the middle of the foot?
Five in each as the palms were put.
How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
And now all together these many bones fix,
And they form in the body two hundred and six.

ALL FOR TEMPERANCE.

COME, boys and girls, let 's each of us now
Choose the trade we will have when we 're women and men.
We are all temperance soldiers,
So, let what will come,
Our trade sha'n't encourage the traffic in rum.
Tom Bent, you 're the oldest,
We 'll begin where *you* stand,
And I 'll speak after Joseph,
Standing here at this hand.

FIRST BOY.

I 'll be a farmer; but you never shall hear
That Tom Bent's hops ever make lager-beer,
Or that Tom Bent's apples make cider to drink.
For vinegar and cooking, he 'll have plenty, I think.
And I 'll raise such fine crops to make men grow strong;
I shall just sing and whistle the summer day long.

SECOND BOY.

I'll be a lawyer, but I never will lend
My counsel to bad men, a bad cause to defend;

And I 'll work without fees if I ever can aid
The cold-water army to put down the rum trade.

THIRD BOY.

I 'll be a sailor, then captain some day,
And sail o'er the ocean to lands far away.
But old Alcohol never shall step on my deck;
For where'er *he* is harbored, there 's sure to be wreck.

FIRST GIRL.

I 'll be a dressmaker and milliner too,
My dresses and bonnets will be wonders to view,
And I 'll do what *I* can that they never shall hide
The sorrowful heart of a rum-drinker's bride.

SECOND GIRL.

I 'll be a school-teacher, and shall do what I can
To make of each lad a good temperance man.
And I 'll teach all my girls to regard with a frown
Both tobacco and rum, and so put them down.

THIRD GIRL.

I 'll be a missionary, when I 've grown good and wise,
And teach the dark pagans the way to the skies;
I shall tell them the path that by drunkards is trod
Leads far, far away from our Father and God.

FOURTH GIRL.

I 'll be a housekeeper, to broil, bake, and stew,
And take care of my house as our mothers do.
I 'll look after my household, and ever despise
Putting wine on the table or brandy in pies.

FOURTH BOY.

I 'll be a doctor! and when folks are ill,
I 'll be ready to cure them with powder or pill,
But I ne'er will prescribe whiskey, brandy, or gin
To awaken old tastes, or the new to begin.

FIFTH BOY.

I 'll be a merchant, and keep a big store,
With large piles of goods and clerks by the score,
And I 'll pay better wages than other men do,
If they 'll all be teetotalers, tried men and true.

JOSEPH.

I mean to fill an editor's station
For his words reach men's ears all over the nation.
I 'll get good for myself, and do good to others,
And try to help all as though they were brothers;
No matter what fashionable wine-bibbers say,
I 'll teach that *total abstinence* is the only safe way.
A member of Congress, I 'm intending to be,
Perhaps me Vice-President you one day will see!
And if *I* help to make laws for this nation of nations,
Neither sailors nor soldiers will get *rum* with their rations,
And I 'll do what I can to lay by on the shelves
All the members who drink and make fools of themselves.

ALL.

True and earnest boys and girls,
Who will work with a will,
Can take a long step
Toward removing this ill.

NO DRUNKARDS THERE.

THERE is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver and streets of gold;
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air, —
No drunkards are there.

No garrets are there where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold and the hours are late;
No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear;
The hearts are free from pain and care, —
No drink is sold there.

All the long day, in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand,
And down on the edge of the water's brink
Those white-robed beings wander, nor shrink,
Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare,
For no wine is there.

Father, look down from Thy throne, I pray!
Hasten, oh! hasten the glorious day,
Help us to work as a temperance band
To drive the demon away from the land;
Teach us to say we will dry every tear
Which drink makes flow here.

—♦—

BE sure you 're right, then go ahead.

WHAT RUM WILL DO.

RUM will scorch and sear the brain,
Rum will mad the heart with pain,
Rum will bloat the flesh with fire
And eternal thirst inspire

Rum will clothe with rags your back,
Make you walk a crooked track,
Change your meat to naked bones,
And to wrath your gentle tones.

Rum will rob the head of sense,
Rum will rob the purse of pence,
Rum will rob the mouth of food,
And the soul of heavenly good.

Rum the jails with men will fill,
And the dungeon's gloomy cell;
It rouses passion's deadly hate,
And pours its curses o'er the state.

Rum the Christian's love will cool,
Make him break the golden rule,
Bind his soul to error's bands,
And to evil turn his hands.

IMPROVE each moment as it flies.

GLASS NUMBER ONE.

GLASS number one, only in fun;
Glass number two, other boys do;
Glass number three, it won't hurt me;
Glass number four, only one more;
Glass number five, before a drive;
Glass number six, brain in a mix.
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven;
Glass number eight, stars in his pate.
Glass number nine, whiskey, not wine;
Glass number ten! — drinking again?
Glass number twenty; not yet a plenty?
Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;
Drinking with men, just now and then.
Wasting his life, killing his wife,
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked,
Losing his friends, — thus it all ends.

Glass number one, taken in fun,
Ruined his life, brought on strife,
Blighted his youth, sullied his truth,
In a few years brought many tears;
Gave only pain, stole all his gain,
Made him at last friendless, outcast.
Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not begin early in sin;
Grow up a man brave as you can;
Taste not in fun glass number one.

BETTER face a danger than be ever in fear.

SAY NO.

DARE to say "no" when you 're tempted to drink.
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think;
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed,
For answering "yes" without counting the cost,
Think of the mother who bore you in pain,
Think of the tears that will fall like rain,
Think of the heart and how cruel the blow,
Think of her love, and at once answer "no."
Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl,
Think of the danger to body and soul.
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;
Look at them now, and at once answer "no."
Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath,
Think of its end and the terrible death.
Think of the homes that now shadowed with woe
Might have been heaven had the answer been "no."
Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own.
Think of proud forms, now forever laid low,
That still might be here had they learned to say "no."
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul.
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you 're assailed by the tempter, say "no."

TAKE care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," said a thoughtful boy,
Moment by moment, I'll well employ.
Learning a little every day,
And not misspending my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.
Little by little I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago,
And one of these days perhaps will see
That the world will be the better for me.

TEMPERANCE BOOTS.

YOU'D better not call me Captain Boots,
I've grown too big for that;
It is time that I played with girls no more,
And I think that I'll drop the cat.
Old hen, if you snap your spurs at me,
You will have to stand a fight with three —
A couple of boots and a man, do you see?
Ho! pretty good boots! Ho! high-top boots!
No gentleman's boots for me.

Stand out of the way, I'm going to walk,
I'll tread on somebody soon;
Oh! how they do squeak! Yes, how they talk!
I think it is good as a tune.

They tie themselves without any strings,
They match like a pair of angel's wings,
New leather! I hope you smell the things.

I wish it was Sunday, to go to church;
I wish it was Monday, to play;
I wish it was Tuesday, to ride my horse;
I wish it was every day;
I will wear them to bed, for Uncle Jim
Might fill them with water up to the brim,
As once I filled his boots for him.

They're temperance boots, for I wore them first
To the "Band of Hope," last night,
And they squeaked so loud that the chairman said
That he thought they must be *tight*,
But they're temperance boots and would just as soon
Think of walking straight up to the moon
As of walking into a drink-saloon;
Ho! pretty, good boots! Ho! high-top boots!
Ho! *teetotal* boots for me.

BLESSED is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.

Thomas Carlyle.

WE learn to do by doing.

BE honest and true.

HOW TO PREVENT IT.

IF you would not be a drunkard,
You must not drink a drop;
For if you never should begin,
You 'll never have to stop.

The taste of drink, good people say,
Is hard in driving out;
Then, friends, in letting in that taste,
Why, what are you about?

Out of your house to keep a thief
You shut your door and lock it,
And hang the key upon a nail
Or put it in your pocket.

So, lest King Rum within you should
His horrid rule begin, sir,
Just shut your lips and lock them tight,
And say, "You can't come in, sir."

LIFE's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest.

President Garfield's Epitaph.

SPEAK the truth.

MAXIMS AND PROVERBS.

LET not the sun go down upon your wrath.

No reputation is permanent without truth.

Quick promisers are often slow performers.

Zeno, of all virtues, made choice of silence.

Delays have dangerous ends.

Economy is a good income.

Give talebearers no credit.

Least said, soonest mended.

Order is heaven's first law.

Choose an author as you choose a friend.

Drive your business, let not that drive you.

Deeds are the fruits, words are the leaves.

Every duty has its proper place and season.

Form plans with care, to execute with vigor.

Kind hearts are more than crowns or robes.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

A clear conscience fears no accusation.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

A fault confessed is half redressed.

Resist temptation till you conquer it.

Be more ready to forgive than to return an injury.
Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance.
Deliberate slowly, execute promptly.
If we subdue not our passions, they will subdue us.
Truth is the highest thing a man may keep.
A willing mind makes a light foot.
It is better to do well than to say well.
It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.
Every day and all the day
Little children must obey.
Cut your coat according to your cloth.
The groves were God's first temples.
Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth.
Many value character less than reputation.
On their own merits sensible men are silent.
Politeness is the expression of social virtues.
All that glitters is not gold.
Honesty is the best policy.
Birds of a feather flock together.
The path of duty is the path of safety.
If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.
All is well that ends well.
Not how much, but how well.
A place for everything, and everything in its place.

A word once uttered can never be recalled.

The way to be truly honored is to be truly good.

Open rebuke is better than secret hatred.

An idle youth — a needy age.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

A burden which one chooses is not felt.

An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure.

A drowning man will catch at a straw.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

A stitch in time saves nine.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. — *Emerson.*

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.

A fool can cast a stone into a well, which many wise men cannot get out. — *Spanish Proverb.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing so hard but search will find it out. — *Herrick.*

The effect of nature alone is purifying; and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their maker, not to act as a continual lesson. — *N. P. Willis.*

The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart. — *Mencius.*

He that is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else. — *Franklin.*

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. — *Edward Everett.*

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness reaps love.

Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, and bad ones will find no room. The cup that is full will hold no more.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. — *Samuel Johnson.*

What we learn in our youth grows up with us, and in time becomes a part of the mind itself.

He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater. — *Thomas à Kempis.*

Our characters cannot be essentially injured except by our own acts.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience. — *Washington.*

Charity — gently to hear, kindly to judge. — *Shakspeare.*

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

Experience is the best schoolmaster, but the *school-fees* are heavy. — *Coleridge.*

The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken. — *Samuel Johnson.*

One of the sublimest things in this world is plain truth. — *Coleridge.*

Disappointments and distress are often blessings in disguise.

Education is the cheap defence of nations. — *Edmund Burke.*

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common-sense to apply it.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage — these are among the characteristics which make a man.

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